TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

In the Anglican Synod, I see that laymen and clerics have been discussing the propriety of denominational Separate schools in which religion shall be a greater portion of the curriculum than at present. Some of the speakers seem to envy our Roman Catholic brethren the privilege of teaching their youth religion rather than arithmetic, and more catechism than reading. I have no doubt that in all sincerity these gentlemen hold that every moral obliquity and political sin should be blamed upon a school system which fails to make the Anglican Synod, and the principles thereof, the linch-pin of the universe. When boys are rough and girls rude, these gentlemen deplore the decadence of good manners and the introduction of vandalism; and nothing suggests itself as a cause save the departure of parish priest-craft from the schools, while the restoration of the "Tommy who made you?" formula, promises to such gentle minds the dawn of an era which is to be refulgent with manly honor and womanly gentleness. If we could hide ourselves from the results of previous experiments or find it mentally impossible to transpose sections of old-time humanity into our midst, the shin-kicking and fagging, the hard swearing, harder drinking and hardest variety of dying would not be factors in the consideration of the religio-secular upbringing of this fine old stock. As the present method of giving everybody a chance to know something is far ahead of the ancient idea of keeping the majority from knowing anything, so the secular system of teaching secular things by themselves is preferable to the pretentious idea of teaching everybody a little of everything by means of a system which at best can only give the masses an almost worthless glance into such matters as are universally admitted to be necessary and beneficial.

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What do our Anglican brethren desire to do? Must the schoolmaster wear a surplice? What is wrong with our public school system? Why should they seek to ruin it by dividing a community from which the Roman Catholics have already split off? I have written so much about the protection of our school system that it seems absolutely unnecessary to repeat arguments which have been unanswered, and which seem to me unanswerable, and in favor of a secular school system in which good morals, decent manners and a good rudimentary education can be had, and must be had, if such such instruction is to be provided at the public expense. If in addition to this the various religious bodies wish to organize a national Sunday school system or a Saturday school of Catechism, let them go on and organize it without trying to tear up and destroy the foundations of an educational system which, if left alone, will make illiteracy as rare in Canada as it is common in the trans-Atlantic nursery of Anglicanism. If our day schools are not good enough for people of aristocratic tendencies, there is no law to prevent the establishment of private and church schools, where the teacher may wear a surplice and bishops' gaiters can be put on the legs of all the stools.

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Now just for one moment, my Anglican brother, let us reason together. You are anxious to have religion taught in public schools. You will admit that religion taught by an irreligious person is formalism so bald and distasteful that it must do harm rather than good. You will also admit that the childish mind is even more apt than is the mind of maturity to institute comparisons between the goodness of the thing taught and the badness of the teacher, and that the mature mind has been largely estranged from pious things by the notorious inconsistencies of professing Christians. Moreover, you cannot deny that you find it difficult, that all the denominations find it difficult to obtain a sufficient number of self-sacrificing, pious and God-fearing men to fill the pulpits, then whence do you expect to obtain a supply to stock your schools? I am very fond of the Anglican clergy. As a rule they are impressed with the idea that they must at least be gentlemen, men of dignity, culture, not given to disputes and vituperation; and while I have never thought them all religious, yet I believe it is generally admitted that the majority of them are religiously inclined. It cannot have escaped their notice that other denominations consider them easy-going, not sufficiently inclined to evangelize, in fact rather disposed to preach to those who come, than to go out into the highways and by-ways to search for souls. Now, if every effort were being made and the clergy by reason of overwork in the hunt for souls to save, found it impossible to look after the rising generation by parish methods, there might be some argument for delegating their powers to school teachers and asking the State to undertake the principal portion of clerical labor. That the State should grant such a petition appears to me inconceivable, even though Roman Catholics have been permitted to segregate themselves, to the great disadvantage of the nation. The separatist policy of the Roman Catholic church could not continue in Canada were it not for the fatuous determination of Protestant clergymen to introduce religion into the public schools, though they know that they cannot agree amongst themselves or with the Catholic church as to what shall be taught. Being well aware that our public school system must be destroyed if denominationalism is introduced, these gentlemen who insist upon its introduction are assuming a very grave responsibility.

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It is very unfair for one not impressed with the wisdom of religious teaching in the public school to rail against others who feel that it is necessary in order to bring up our youth in godly fear, but we have a right to expect men who import these spiritual matters into our politics and insist upon laying such burdens upon the tax payer, to prove by their conduct that they are not simulating religious fervor while shirking parish duties. If these gentlemen have been in the habit of teaching night schools, of taking advantage of the privilege accorded to them of giving religious instruction after school hours in our public institutions, if they have been interested in season and out of season in the performance of their duty, we should all take off our hats to them. What are the facts? Many of them do not go into a schoolhouse once a year, and by their whole conduct prove that their preaching in this respect is but a pretext. Would these archbishops and bishops, these professors and rectors *et al* be willing, if Anglican separate schools were established, to devote without extra charge three or four hours a day to teaching the children of their parishioners? I fancy I see his lordship the Bishop of Toronto solicitous as to the noses and "haviors," the grammar and the catechism of a class in an ill-smelling schoolroom. And then the Rev. Mr. Langtry, who is particularly urgent in this matter! Of course he would volunteer at once to make a sacrifice, and like the monks of old deprive himself of joyous things that a section of Canada's youth might blossom in the atmosphere of his learning and piety.

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It is useless for the Anglican Synod, the Presbytery or the Conference to imagine it possible to ask the State to take charge of those things in the spiritual realm of government, which are being neglected by the clergy. The office of the spiritual guide, they are sometimes prone to think, is that of the guidance of governments. I esteem it to be a matter of individual concern. These clerical gentlemen, though of inestimable value to the community, must find their field of usefulness in personal endeavor to better the condition of mankind. If it has come to the pass that synods and presbyteries and conferences, largely made up of men who preach at so much per annum, endeavor to make their office a sinecure by insisting upon the State assuming the spiritual education of the people, there will be nothing left for the people to do but to either abolish the government which accepts such a responsibility, or to stop the salaries of the clergymen for whom we would no longer have any use. But anticipating such a result is idle talk. The state has all it can attend to and more. The church on the other hand is only half attending to the duties which admittedly belong to it. It would not be worth while entertaining for a moment the thought that denominational separate schools could be brought about in this country, were it not for the astoundingly large vote polled in favor of the idea at the recent meeting of the Synod. It is a discouraging thought that after having brought our school system to a state of perfection envied by the rest of the world Roman Catholics, Anglicans and a clerical party made up of all sorts of people seem to be conspiring to its destruction.

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Those who may have thought that I was unduly severe in my treatment of Sam Small will find in the following extract, taken from that excellent paper the Detroit *Free Press*, some harsher words than I ventured to use:

Sam Small, whom certain impressionable persons made the president of a college at Utah, turns up as a defaulter. He is one of the class of mountebank religionists who travel over the country and frighten women into hysteria or insanity, without himself having any fitness for religious work, in character, culture or conviction. He was coarse enough and gross enough on the platform, what he was in the class room cannot be conjectured. He was ill educated and not a gentleman, yet scores of scholarly men were passed by to give him the place because he was notorious. The misfortune which has followed is the natural succession of events.

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It is a pity that Sam Small has not been more discreet in his financial dealings, for the oft repeated instances in which he has figured to his disadvantage, are a scandal to the cause he would have us believe is so near his heart. People are not prone to misjudge men who undertake the work of the ministry unless they make professions utterly at variance with their conduct, but can we be expected to palliate offences against commercial propriety when the man who is guilty of them is so violent and denunciatory of other people who are probably making as earnest an effort to be good and to do good as he can be accredited with.

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The other day when the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson came in to protest against what I had said about his services in the Auditorium, he brought a letter addressed to the editor and attacking me, which he evidently desired to have published. I think clergymen have the knack of frequently writing in a spirit which is more personal than polite, and while we can hardly hope for an angry man, no matter whether he wears the cloth or not, to adhere very closely to the example of the meek and lowly Nazarene, yet we have a right to expect a careful adherence to facts. After reading over the letter with me Mr. Wilkinson ceased to desire its publication. Having, however, based a paragraph last week regarding Brother Wilkinson's work upon this communication, I shall take the opportunity of utilizing a fragment of the material he furnished me, not as a reply nor as an explanation, but as a text showing how easily men may misunderstand one another and jump to false conclusions.

"From his lay sermons of late it is easy to determine where his sympathies lie on Sabbath observance and other religious questions. While all last winter an English secularist and 'irreverend adventurer,' a personal friend of your correspondent, (q. v. of mine), but no friend of the Christian Sabbath or the Christian Bible, held forth every Sunday evening in the Academy of Music and conducted irreligious meetings without a prayer, without a psalm, consisting of recitations from secular plays which are universally conceded to be unfit for Lord's Day gatherings, followed by blasphemous utterances about the Christians' God, this critic of other men's religious convictions, this preacher of the gospel of humanity had not a word to say in condemnation."

Now people may think it easy to tell where my sympathies lie on "Sabbath observance and other religious questions." I hope it is. I have made every effort to be plain. Surely they have not made the same mistake as that made by the clergyman whose letter is before me!

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Mr. Wilkinson in his letter rather sneers at my insistance on it being called the Lord's day instead of Sabbath. I called it that because that is what it is. It is not the Sabbath, and it never was. There are certain definite instructions given the Christian world with regard to the observance of the Lord's day. There are other instructions with regard to the Sabbath day laws, which nobody on this continent observes. I believe in calling things by their right name and admitting to an argument nothing but that which is absolutely pertinent. As to where my sympathies are on "other religious questions," I have expressed myself on very few of them, and with regard to those few the correspondent in question is certainly far astray in his reading. He says that I am a "personal friend of an English secularist and irreligious adventurer," a blasphemer, etc., who held Sunday evening services in the Academy of Music. It is very unimportant as to whether I am a personal friend of whoever is referred to. It would not be improper for me to be on friendly terms with a heathen, unless the heathen objected, but as it happens I have not the honor of the gentleman's acquaintance; I never saw him that I am aware of, consequently could not have spoken to him or have become his familiar spirit. Moreover, I may say, and probably it is not to my credit, but I never read an infidel book nor an infidel newspaper; I never attended an infidel lecture. It has so happened that I have not had agnostic companions, nor have I sought to load upon my soul the doubts of others. I was unaware that such entertainments had been given in the Academy of Music. I saw no reports of such proceedings as my correspondent describes, in the newspapers. Had I known such entertainments were in progress I should not have attended them. If, however, I had been made the text of the evening, I possibly should have gone as in the case of Sam Small's attack, when I presumed it might be wise for me to learn how unworthy a person I should consider myself. Under the circumstances I presume that the ordinary reader will acquit me of *particeps criminis* in the doings of the secularist lecturer. In view of what I have written on religious topics it should be unnecessary for me to state my general belief, and yet here is a clergyman who alleges that he has read SATURDAY NIGHT carefully, and yet by his innuendoes proves that he misunderstands. Surely one may believe in God, as I most certainly do, and in His Son and in the Scriptures, without having every particle of orthodoxy as defined by councils of priests and parsons, crammed down my throat! Must I either believe in sabbatarianism and the letter of the Mosaic law or be anathematized? Is it impossible for a man to intelligently and conscientiously believe in the good things that revelation has offered us, without having to be a Calvinist? Must we rejoice in hell for other people in order to enjoy heaven for ourselves? Surely not.

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For these reasons it seems to me that preachers would be more prudent if they permitted us to believe even as we can and be happy in the possession of limited faith. No one can believe in a future life without striving, perhaps in a very ineffectual way, to be fit for it. Even the heathen doctrine of transmigration of souls inculcates the truth that in the passage onward goodness alone prepares the spirit for a better habitation, a higher life, a happier future. All I have ever written against orthodoxy has been against the belief that some clergymen seem to entertain, that they shall define my views, limit my faith, stretch my imagination and outrage my reason. I presume if I were ever put in the position that I had to accept everything that preachers say, or nothing, I should choose the latter alternative; but fortunately I do not depend upon the catechism for my knowledge of the Bible nor upon parsons for a picture of an ideal life, and I shall continue to think and write as seemeth unto me best, regarding not the prejudices of sects nor the presbytery nor the synagogue, but trying always to make as many people happy and as few miserable as possible; striving never to say anything which has no good end as its purpose; excusing nothing which should be reprimanded, even if the reprimand falls upon myself as it often must. We all have the privilege of saying the best things that move us to utterance, of having an ideal life to which ours may not conform, of even loving God in a far-off and shame-faced way, and thank this same good God that preach-

AN INTERESTING PATIENT.

ers cannot get between us and Him even with their portly and consequential presence.

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We all of us have enough honest doubts and fearful thoughts, without striving to increase their number or their dread by seeking the society or instruction of those who jeer and snicker when sacred things are mentioned. It is right enough for us to preserve whatever humble faith has lingered longest in the sterile soil of this hard life. He is not a friend to his fellowman who endeavors to uproot what little struggling growths of faith and hope have outlasted the tempests of trouble. Yet we have a perfect right to insist that average intelligence shall be its own interpreter, that the ecumenical councils of the intolerant churches shall not force us into attitudes of seeming disbelief.

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As to motives too, would it not be wise for others than those specially ordained to the ministry to believe have some mission in gooddoing? Would it not be fair that efforts should be held worthy even when they are not entirely orthodox? Altogether, while permitting discussion within reasonable and decent lines, would it not be advisable for people to mind their own business, it being considered every man's business to give a reason for the faith that is in him and to offer no railing accusation against the faith of another. With the possibilities of conversing one with another on religio-political topics, of daring to believe that religion is no part of the task of the state, with the opportunities of a general advocacy in a paper such as this of thoughtfulness, reasonableness, charitableness, I imagine that writers who have a sphere such as mine would not often fall foul of those who are doing a good work and not trying to manage other people's affairs.

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The Hon. Mr. Abbott appears to have been successful in inducing his old ministerial comrades to accept office in his cabinet. The exhibition we have had of Mr. Chapleau will not soon be forgotten. This Napoleon of Quebec politics has been unblushing in his demands for preferment and has held the knife to the throat of the Conservative party with such an absence of shame that it is difficult to conceive of him conducting himself hereafter like anything but the political brigand he is. Sir Hector Langevin may have been crooked, but he has always had the decency to at least make a pretence of virtue. What could we expect of a man like Chapleau in the responsible position of Minister of Railways and Canals, who has no idea that a semblance of propriety, while not adorning a character, may partially conceal it!

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Why should Mr. Chapleau be so anxious to administer the department of Railways and Canals? Must he have the patronage in order to keep up with his rival Sir Hector whose hand is in the till of Public Works? Of what account to Canada are the personal ambitions of these probably unclean politicians? Must we inherit with the conquest of Quebec the feuds of petty politicians, who followed by a handful of parishes, imagine that all Canada should be at their feet? It is said that the department of Railways and Canals has been promised to this Quebec busybody. I for one should be sorry to see such a man in possession of opportunities for increasing his dangerous influence. I speak of his influence as dangerous for the simple reason that the man who demands spoils for himself and his following has not a patriotic but sinister motive, and the affairs of this country can not be administered to elevate such men or to empower such "followings." Our railways were not built to afford a livelihood for the personal friends of Mr. Chapleau, nor our canals constructed to make it possible for him to swagger about Ottawa as either the head of his race or the champion of his religion.

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Without doubt Mr. Chapleau is the greatest orator in Canada, yet we cannot forget that orators are not always patriots. Indeed, those skilful in tuning their voice and modulating their utterances are least apt to be honest in the expression of their thoughts. With the knowledge that they can work upon the human heart and sway the masses as they will, comes a determination to utilize this impression able material to their own ends. The impassioned words of a man who has lived a life of honor should move the heart, but the skilled tones and artistic use of the tremulo stop, while moving us in admiration, should be powerless to make us forgive a career such as that of Monsieur Chapleau. He has a following, he has a knife, he has an ambition; if he be given the department of Railways and Canals he will have patronage and power. Is it for the good of Canada that his demands be complied with? While watching the formation of the Cabinet and anxious as Conservatives have been to see the late Premier's policy carried out, we may have been over eager to see this man brought into line. Now that there is a breathing spell, we should all of us inquire what his conduct means.

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It is said that D'Alton McCarthy would accept nothing but the premiership. The other provinces will never know how glad Ontario would have been to see the strong, clean hand of the member for North Simcoe at the helm. His time has not yet come, may never come in the sense of being politically popular at Ottawa. He is already powerful, and his power cannot be shaken while he adheres to the great principles he has so ably advocated. It matters little to a man of that sort whether he be premier or private member. His place is great, his influence bounded only by the possibilities of a clean and brilliant mind.

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The *Globe* is harping on the fact that Ontario is almost unrepresented in Mr. Abbott's cabinet. Sir John never saw fit to introduce a clever man from this province. I do not emphasize this point in criticism of his policy, for he was too well versed in the ways of the world to ask any rival to sit on the throne with him, and any man with what Mr. Chapleau calls a "following" from Ontario must be either premier or the rival of the premier. Mr. Meredith is the only man in this province who has the magnetism and capacity of a leader. Unless he goes to Ottawa, and that too before another session, his party in this province will go to pieces. It has been said to me that he would not accept such a position. He is not a good Conservative if he refuses. The country has no confidence in the outfit behind Mr. Laurier. The majority have a positive and well grounded mistrust of the men and an absolute fear of their policy. But if Ontario is to be represented in Mr. Abbott's cabinet by nobodies while the country is governed by Nova Scotians and Quebecers, there is no telling what the result may be either nationally or as a question of party politics. If we must sit in silence and see the heads of Quebec factions fighting for supremacy and squandering the public funds in order to obtain it, then indeed shall we have a right to believe that the Conservative party has been so long the worshipper of Sir John that now, its idol being dead, it is ready to follow off a red wagon and trink around the heels of strangers like a friendly puppy for the first time outside of its master's gate.

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Of course Quebec must be represented in the Cabinet, and what is equally self-evident that those representatives must be watched and overpowered. Ontario has no one to do this. We must have one whether that man be William Ralph Meredith or somebody else. It is not a question of personal preferment, it is one of absolute necessity. It demands prompt action. The Hon. Mr. Abbott is strong enough to tide us over the temporary trouble, but without reinforcement from this province he will be utterly ineffectual in the future. The reorganized Cabinet must, like everything else we have in Canada, be a compromise, but it must not be a compromise between Chapleauism and professional Protestantism. It must be the union of such forces as are led by clean men like Sir John Thompson and W. R. Meredith. The Conservative party must recognize this and not try to stay alive by trucking to a gaudy showman like Chapleau. Let the Grits have him if they want him; let him have the Grits if he wants them. Such a deal would be a horse trade between gypsies who cannot cheat one another.

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The press of Quebec is doing much to make Sir John Thompson an impossibility by harping upon Ontario objections to his religion. With Mr. Meredith Sir John will be acceptable. All this province wants is not to be left out either in brains or representative ideas. We will follow our chosen man in any government. We will follow no government in which a man having our confidence is not strong.

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The cashier of the business office hands me a memorandum of the taxes that SATURDAY NIGHT pays, with a suggestion that the startling increase made during the past year be dwelt upon. Without the addition of stock or plant, the taxes have this year gone up twenty per cent., while the difference between '89 and '90 was but six per cent. Taxes in Toronto have arrived at a point when, without personal frugality on the part of the majority of property holders, the payment of them will be ruinous. As far as I can find out it requires twenty-five per cent. of an ordinary rental to pay the taxes. If a house rents for two hundred dollars, the owner will have to use fifty dollars to settle with the city. This sort of thing cannot continue.

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The defeat of recent by-laws has added to these taxes, and the Esplanade difficulty having been settled after a most harassing struggle, I would urge that when the by-law asking for the money is submitted, the ratepayers vote in favor of it. Though the railways have been, and are, in hoggish partnership to give the city the worst of it, yet the settlement is as good as we shall get, and for the money that is donated there will be an asset which in the near future must far exceed the amount of debentures issued to obtain it. I have seemed to many people offensively partizan in opposing the methods and demands of the railways, but it has been clearly demonstrated that a truckling council and a spineless executive cannot compete with the attorneys of the railroads. The Citizens' Committee, the Trades and Labor Council, the Board of Trade, have all been watching the committee. They have done work that they will not be willing to do over again. The best that can be done has been done. It will be folly to expect better terms when the watch dogs, tired by protracted vigilance, go to sleep. While we may be sick of ourselves and our rulers that we have to accept the terms offered, I repeat that it would be the height of folly to go further and fare worse. By all means let the money be voted and preserve our water front. The land is worth the money and we will make money out of it.

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I have been making some inquiries amongst men who are carrying land in Toronto as to whether after a couple of years of hard times in general business and stagnation in real estate, the ordinary holder is likely to be able to hang on and pay his interest and taxes. I have not heard of an instance where the owner of a piece of land has been forced to give up his holding. As a rule, men who have invested are making a living and only put their savings into property. To pay their dues they have to live more frugally than ever before, but with praiseworthy grit they have reduced their expenses and are putting up their margins like little men. This line of conduct is all that is needed to tide Toronto through these tight times. There are at least ten thousand men in business for themselves or earning a salary, whose every spare dollar is being banked on the idea that Toronto has a future, that any man who holds land here will make money out of it. Croakers cannot hurt us if we believe in ourselves. There will be no crash when every institution and individual hangs on to his holding and makes the same prophecy with regard to the result.

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What I say about this is not simply my own private opinion. I have hunted through real estate offices and loan societies to find out, and the result makes me proud of Torontonians. They can be pinched, they are being pinched. It would be useless as well as indecent to lie about the situation, but they are coming through it as people seldom come through trouble. Nobody is weakening. Isn't it a satisfaction to live in a city of men who will cut off a few luxuries and even stint themselves in living to hold their property and stay with the trouble till it is over. It is this sort of stuff that builds a city and furnishes backbone to a country. I for one am proud of the city I live in, and of the hopefulness and determination of those who stand misgovernment and high taxes and hard times and give no sign but a muttered cuss word now and then. Without doubt we are all in the same boat, and some of these days the fellows who are carrying the load will understand one another and stop a lot of the fool-business that has been making collar galls on all those who have had to tug the wagon up this long hill.

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Reverting to the sabbatarian question, I see the Methodist conference engaged itself on the Sunday milk problem. It is not apparent to the secular mind why a milk peddlar should be permitted to go about on the first day of the week, while the ice man is prohibited and the voice proclaiming "fresh fish" and "bananas" must be silent. The brethren made a startling kick when asked to take their tea without milk and feed their babies on water, but if I had a seat in the Sanhedrim I should demand that no fire be lighted and that the old-fashioned law be observed or else abolished. If we are to observe the Sabbath in Mosaic style let us observe it. I am willing to wear my overcoat in bed all day, give the hired girl a rest, and take cold food. Let us eat cold meats, drink cold tea, and shiver according to the Mosaic law, or else reorganize on the New Testament basis, comply with economic laws which demand a day's rest, fulfill the scriptural injunction not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, and quit pretensions which in view of the lives and necessities of this continent and age are absurd. Some day we will get down to hard-pan on this question. It is not a matter of heresy or agnosticism. It is merely one of sound sense and a right reading of the Scriptures. When the Methodist brethren kick at the prohibition of Sunday milk, we may expect to evolve a more satisfactory basis by and by.

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Social and Personal.

The social event of this week has been the wedding of Mr. Harry Brock and Miss Maude Cawthra. The marriage service took place on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, Canon Dumoulin performing the ceremony. Miss Cawthra's bridal gown of duchesse satin was trimmed with Brussels lace, flounces of which were caught up with lovely clusters of flowers. Her jewels were a tiara of opals, pearls and diamonds, and the bridegroom's gift of a diamond. Her maids, the Misses Helena, Edith and Grace Cawthra, and Miss Muriel Brock, wore white surah trimmed with French lace, white girdles, and brooches of pearl bars, with the bride's initial in diamonds, gifts of the groom. After the register was signed, Mr. and Mrs. Brock and the bridal party held a reception at Yeadon Hall, the residence of the bride's father. The hosts of guests tried even the capacity of this, one of the stately homes of Toronto, but as the afternoon passed and cool breezes moderated the excessive heat, the music-laden and flower-scented air was full of merry voices and good wishes. The bridal gifts were displayed upstairs, and were magnificent. Mr. and Mrs. Brock left at 4.15 for an extended tour throughout the eastern States, and are not expected back in Toronto for at least a month.

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The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. Brouse, sr., Mrs. and Misses Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr., Mrs. and Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs Hume Blake, Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bines, Rev. and Mrs. Wrong, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss and Mr. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford, Mr. Dudgeon, Mr. Drake, Captain and Mrs. MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ellis, Mr. Edgar, Messrs. and Miss Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Foy, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Otter, Colonel, Mr. Grassett, Mr. and Miss Isaac Gilmor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilmor, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Greene, Dr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Alexander Gibson, Mr. Benedict, Mr. F. Coulson, the Misses Hoskin, timer Clark, Miss Crookes, Rev., Mrs. and Miss Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss J. Dalton McCarthy, Mrs. Frank Denison, Mrs. and Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. Crozier, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Mr., Mrs. and Misses Chadwick, Misses and Mr. Dumoulin, Miss Cousens, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. B. Cronyn, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Col., Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Capt. and Mrs. Dolamere, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Raynard Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mrs., Miss and Mr. Hoskin, Mrs. Miss and Mr. Percy Hodgins, Messrs. Hart, Miss Howitt, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Himsworth, Major Harrison, Mrs. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. and Miss Hector, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Mr. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Kay, Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Leigh, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Leach, the Misses Munroe, Mr. Martland, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Moffat, Mr. and Mrs. Morison, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macionald, Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mason, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Mcdonald, Mr. Matthews, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich, the Misses McCutcheon, Mrs. McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. McKay, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Dr. and Mrs. Nattrass, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Judge and Mrs. Osler, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Plummer, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Pope, Mr. J. Pauw, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr., Mrs. and Miss D. Ridout, Mr. Vesey Ridout, Dr. and Mrs. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mrs., Miss and Messrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Miss Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs and the Misses Seymour, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mr. C. Stinson, Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. and the Misses Skae, Col. Baker, Mrs. and Miss G. Scarth, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Larrat Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Smith, the Misses Smith, Mrs. Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. G. Torrance, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Dr. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. P. Todd, Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. A. Vankoughnet, Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Mr., Mrs., Mr. and Miss Boultbee, Mrs., Miss and Mr. Bickford, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brock, Mrs. Meyrick Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Bendelari, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, Judge and Mrs. Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. C. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. J. Crowther, Mrs. Crowther, sr., Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Miss Cattenach, Dr. Theo. Covernton, Dr. and Miss Covernton, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr., Mrs., Mrs. H. and Miss Drayton, Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, the Misses Dupont, Col. and Mrs. Fred Denison, Col. G. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. G. Grassett, Dr. and Mrs. Grassett, Mr. W. O. Howland, Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Col. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mock, Mrs. Angus and Miss Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, the Misses Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murray, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Richards, Hon. John and Mrs. Robinson, Dr. and Mrs. Roberson, Mr. Gooderham, Mr. T. G. Blackstock, Dr. Strange, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. T. Tait, Mr., Mrs. Miss and Mr. Vickers, Mrs. Wallis, Mr. Wyld, Mr. Perkins, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. and Miss Young, Mr. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mills, Miss Tudor, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mills, Mr. S. Mills, Mr. Victor Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Cotter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hobson, Miss Perkins, Col., Mrs. and the Misses Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. Bonner, Mr. and Mrs. Crookes, Mrs. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Myles, Mr. William Morris, Canon Mulock, Mrs. Gilroy, Miss Crowther, Mrs. Johnson of Cayuga, Mrs. Orris, Mr. and Mrs. James Cotter, Mrs. Austin, Baroness De Robiscoulet, Baroness De St. Didier, Mr. and Mrs. S. Blake, Chief Justice and Lady Burnside, Sir John and Lady Kennaway, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Colmer, Miss Somerset, Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Hawkins, Princess Schahowskoi, Princess Caraman Chimay, Mr. Leach, George Sandfield Macdonald, Dr. Osborne, the Misses Cowden, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Mills, Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Simons, Miss Mills, Mrs. Noxon, Mrs. George Brown, Major and Mrs. Van Dyk, Mrs. and Miss Wensley Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Houston, Mrs. and Miss Hawkins, Mrs. and the Misses Rowland, Mrs. Bunby, Miss Hunsby, Mr. G. Burton, Mr. W. G. Burritt, Mr. C. Dixon, Count and Countess de Tocqueville, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mlle. Laitoy, Miss M. Brock, Miss G. Brock, Mr. R. Brock, Mlle. Schweizer, Sir Roderick Cameron.

*

The following is a list of presents: Mr. and Mrs. J. Cawthra, Doulton dessert service; Miss Grace Cawthra, Doulton cream jug and sugar basin; Mr. and Mrs. F. Wyld, Doulton fruit dish; Mr. Harry Hay, Doulton candelabra; Mrs. Campbell Wallbridge, pair of Doulton candelabra; Mr. and Mrs. R. Cassels, Doulton vase; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason, Doulton vase; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cassels, Worcester vase; Miss Edith Cawthra, embroidered sofa cushion; Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, case teaspoons, sugar sifter and tongs; Miss H. Cawthra, cheque, pearl brooch, case of cutlery and silver card case, sewing machine, dinner service, tea service, cake basket; Mr. H. Cawthra, cheque, pearl necklace, case of dessert knives, case of fish knives; Mr. Victor Cawthra, straw berry bowl and ladle; Mr. and Mrs. Tait, salad bowl; Miss Helena Cawthra, sardine case, set of Dickens' works; Mrs. Young, silver salt cellars; Miss Young, cream jug and sugar basin; Mr. Jack Cawthra, oxydised smelling bottle; Miss F. Cawthra, glass flower vase; Miss R. Boulbee, glass flower basket; Mr. W. Morris, marmalade jar; Mr. H. Drayton, oxydised card receiver; Mr. and Mrs. J. Crowther, silver candelabra; Mis M. G. Cawthra, photo frame and mat; Dr. Theo. Covernton, lace handkerchief; Mrs. Gilroy, blotting book; Mlle. Le Roy, work; Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, silver crumb tray and scoop; Miss A. Grummer, crochet counterpane; Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, fish service; Miss Mulock, china figure; Miss Ethel Mulock, china figure; Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Doulton vase; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, tall vase Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Smith, brass and alabaster standing lamp; Mr. and Mrs. James Austin, silver side dish; Mrs. and the Misses Arthurs, silver dish; Mr. Crowther, silver dish; Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, silver breakfast dish; Miss L. Brock, embroidered afternoon tea cover; Mr. W. I. Brock, silver tea pot; Mr. R. Brock, silver and china tea caddy; Miss Gertrude Brock, silver sugar basin; Miss Muriel Brock, silver cream jug; Mr. and Mrs. Jermyn, Doulton flower stand; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Hungarian china jardiniere; Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince jr., ice glass; Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, silver cake baskets; Mr. S. Mills, cheque; Miss Perkins, toast rack; Mr. H. Brock, diamond and sapphire star; Miss Bessie Macdonald, embroidered satin cushion; Major Starke, carriage; Mr. and Mrs. Hearle, mirror in oxidised frame; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, silver stand with cream jug and sugar basin; Mr. Burritt, dessert knives and forks; Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairbairn, silver teaspoons; Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, oxidised silver basket; Miss Howitt, photo frame; Mr. and Mrs. Gates, game knives; Mrs. Wallis, brass kettle and stand; Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Doulton vase; Miss M. Mills, sofa cushion; Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, silver tart scoop; Mrs. Boyd, embroidered table border; Mrs. E. Bickford, silver salt cellars; Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Doulton vase; Mrs. Meyrick Banks, Limoges five o'clock tea service; Captain and Mrs. Tidswell, picture; Mr. Drayton, handcarved box and photo frame; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, piano; Mrs. and Miss Roberts, china sugar jar and silver spoon; Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, china jar; Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, silver salt and pepper cellars; Mrs. Snelling, Beaten silver sugar sifter; Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Indian bell (Benares work); the Misses Maggie and Katie Mills, floral candlestick; Miss Rowand, glove sachet; Mrs. Gates, photo frame; Mrs. F. Davis, bowl of souvenirs of heritages from Paris salon of 1889; Mr. and Mrs. Augustine Foy, silver and mother o' pearl knife rests; Dr. and Mrs. Trout, Benares goblet; Mrs. Crozier, Staffordshire jug; Mr. Gordon Jones, silver table bell; Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, silver gilt spoon; Miss Richards, marmalade jar; Mrs. Brouse, Doulton vase; Mr. and Mrs. William Brouse, Doulton vase; Mr. and Mrs. Monk, silver soup tureen; Mrs. John Langmuir, glove and handkerchief box.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

JACKSON'S POINT

LAKE SIMCOE

This favorite resort is being made more attractive than ever. The hotel has been refitted, the grounds have been laid out anew, six new cottages are ready to be let, boats will be had for a trifle, a planing mill is on the ground, and materials for building can be had for one-half of city prices.

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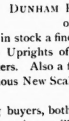

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Why are you bilious?

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JAMES BAIN & SON

Society Stationers King Street East, Toronto

Between You and Me.

THIS week in looking over the *Home Maker*, a delightful woman's magazine edited by Jennie June, I came across an article which moved me to a degree I had not at all intended. Dr. Emma Ryder, a lady physician, is the writer, and her piteous and pathetic story of the death in life led by the "little wives of India" made me realize why people in the missions have been working so zealously to have the child marriages of India discontinued. I have dreamed of these tortured, patient little martyrs until I feel I should love to hammer some Indian husband until I could hammer no longer!

•

Dr. Ryder says: "If I could take my readers with me on my round of visits for one week, and let them behold the condition of the Little Wives, it would need no words of mine to send you forth crying into this wilderness of sin. If you could see the suffering faces of the little girls, who are drawn nearly double and who will never be able to stand erect; if you could see the paralyzed limbs that will not again move in obedience to the will; if you could hear the plaintive wail of the little sufferers as, with their tiny hands clasped, they beg you to 'make them die,' and then turn and listen to the brutal remarks of the legal owner with regard to the condition of his property; if you could stand with me by the side of the little deformed dead body, do you think it would require long arguments to convince you that there was a deadly wrong somewhere, and that some one was responsible for it? A man may be a vile and loathsome creature; he may be blind, a lunatic, an idiot, a leper, or diseased in a worse form; he may be fifty, seventy, or a hundred years old, and may be married to a baby or a girl of five or ten, who positively loathes his presence, but if he claims her she must go, and the English law for the "Restitution of Conjugal Rights" compels her to remain in his power, or imprisons her if she refuses. There is no other form of slavery on the face of the earth that begins with the slavery as enforced upon these little girls of India."

•

Don has stolen my thunder for I had intended speaking a word about the teachers who are coming from all parts of North America to our convention next month. But I do hope there will be enough hospitable hearts and pleasant abiding places in our rather slow-moving midst to find a place for every male and female pedagogue—and to send far and wide over the neighboring republic the cheerful fact that Toronto people aren't as stiff and pokey and unsociable as some of our smarter cousins over the line imagine.

•

The Humane Society have got a feather in their hats now. Queen Victoria has desired the Duke of Portland to order the official once removed to arrange that the use of the check rein be discontinued on her majesty's steeds. She may be going to utilize the discarded articles to keep her own First and Naughtiest in order. He needs it!

•

What do you think that reckless man Labouchere remarked in his usually sensible and trenchant paper, London *Truth*, last week? He said that Imperial Federation was a silly craze, and went on heaping up trouble for himself by remarking that in the colonies a man is politically lost if he accepts a knighthood. Perhaps, but one can hardly believe him so benighted, he had never heard of that knight who was lost to his country last Saturday night week, but whose acceptance of his title had not at all the disastrous effect Labouchere insists upon. A good many colonials who are not at all as clever as this smart journalist, could give him pointers on both his little departures in the paragraph from which I have quoted—*n'est ce pas?*

•

I see that some clever inventor has patented an improvement in sewing machines—whereby a whole spool of thread takes the place of the little bobbin. What a saving of time and trouble this clever head has accomplished.

•

I saw a lovely sky at five o'clock on Thursday morning of last week. In the west frightful, angry banks of thunder clouds, in the east a gracious sunrise, straight over head in gray rain-dashed vapors, a double rainbow. I was starting, in reckless determination not to lose the reward of turning out at such an unearthly hour, for a short tour on the wheel, when, half a block from home came a crash and a flash, and a very reckless turning, and a very frantic pedaling, and a discarded "Byke" upon the boulevard, and a thoroughly scared rider on the sofa begging to have the curtains drawn close before the next flash!

•

A correspondent has written to me for a list of perfectly unobjectionable French novels for her own girlish reading, and I have had quite a time in selecting a dozen which come under her heading. I thought of several which I had found in our library and put their names down hastily, but on reconsidering in the light of her eyes, my unthinking choice, I found only two that I was sure would pass muster. Would any kind puritan help me in the selection of a few more? for I can't take time to read them myself. I know a number of our people have read all that our library contains in the way of French literature and much more besides, and if they will recommend one or more of these books I shall be so much obliged.

•

Talking of the library reminds me that I saw in the papers lately a complaint that some one had been mutilating the fashion papers and magazines. There are such mean creatures in this world that they would steal from a free library! Well, I used sometimes to complain when I came upon a page in some pet magazine spotted with butter and stuck with crumbs, where some one had evidently been simultaneously feeding body and mind, but only once did I catch a pilferer, and only just in time too. With her penknife she had deftly severed three sides of the little poem, and you should have seen her face when she found I was watching her. I said nothing, only looked at her, but she closed the book with an expression of utter terror and got out as fast as possible. And it was an unlovely and pitiable exhibition, and I was very glad she was a stranger to me!

•

Some addled correspondent started the rumor in an American paper that Mark Twain was dead, and the story has been repeated in several Western papers. Our bad-tempered editor has just solemnly expressed himself to the effect that Mark Twain's duty is to die, that the veracity of the press may be sustained. But, apart from the unkindness of dooming this very lively man to sudden dissolution on the eve of a lovely European tour, would even such a sacrifice accomplish such a Herculean task? Has not the naughty newspaper brought sighs to our lips and tears near our eyes by brazenly asserting this week that India's stray story teller, Rudyard Kipling, is succumbing to that dread disease consumption when he is only "played out from over work."

You who have laughed over Mulvaney and wept over the life and death "without benefit of clergy," and appreciated the strong points in unexpected corners where "the light that fails" shines, will agree with me that Rudyard Kipling has not written enough yet.

LADY GAY.

Hardly Commendable, but Eminently Successful.

Mrs. Budleigh—Must you go so soon, Mama? Can't you stay to dinner?

Mrs. Budleigh's Mother—I should like to, my dear; but I really can not endure the smoke from your gardener's pipe. It's enough to suffocate one!

Mr. Budleigh—That'll do, Michael—you may go back to the stable—here's the fifty cents I promised you.—*Puck.*

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Of every popular variety. Other seasonable flowers also always on hand. We can ship cut flowers to any part of Ontario and Quebec with perfect safety, as we have letters from our numerous patrons in various parts congratulating us for prompt delivery and excellent condition of the flowers upon arrival.

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THE POINT FARM SUMMER RESORT
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Will be open for business on June 20. Its special features are pure air, genuine country life and perfect safety for children. The beach is exceptionally fine, and the bathing both healthful and free from danger. A beautiful mineral spring, whose waters contain medicinal properties, is an additional advantage. For particulars and terms address the proprietor, J. J. WRIGHT, Goderich, Ont.

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NATTY, new and novel are the ladies' Vassar shirts, and becoming quite fashionable as one might expect. Have you seen them? Stand-up or roller collar, as your choice goes.

These you find at our underwear and corset counters, where just now excitement reigns over a showing of the celebrated "C. P." corsets, which we're selling at $1.25. It's only saying what you know, that $1.95 has been close selling price for this popular French corset.

All kinds corsets.	"E. T. C." corsets.
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A nice line of summer corsets, 75. A fine French woven corset at 85c. Corsets at 25c.

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Ladies' Blouses, all sizes, 40c.
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Ladies' White Muslin Blouses, 85c., 90c., $1.15.

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Fine PICADILLY Oxford Ties. The newest styles.
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are praised by all who have used them. We keep in stock
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Rates to Lorne Park—25c. adults and 15c. children. To Grimsby Park (good to return same day), 60c. each. To Grimsby Park (good to return during season), 75c. each.
Saturday afternoon excursions to Grimsby Park 50c. Saturday afternoon excursions to Lorne Park 25c. Book tickets—Lorne Park and return, 20 trips, $1; Grimsby Park and return, 10 trips, $1. Sunday schools and societies, special rates on application to Company's Offices, 9 Front Street East. PETER McINTYRE, 20 York Street.
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You need to take a stout Mackintosh Coat along with you as a safeguard against rainy days. We make them to order from the very best material and in any wanted style, guaranteeing a perfect fit.

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407 Yonge St. 407
Are respectfully informed that said establishment will be transferred on or about 1st July next to
441 Yonge Street
S. E. cor. Carlton Street
The new store will be handsomely fitted up in French style, with all the latest improvements and accommodations. Six separate and private Ladies' Hair-dressing Rooms, with a handsome parlor.
Largest and best assorted stock of Hair Goods. Only first-class goods, ready made or made to order. Largest and handsomest Hair Goods, Hair-dressing and Perfumery Establishment in Canada.
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Specialty in Articles de Toilettes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Gelle, Freres, of Paris, France, Perfumery Depot for Toronto.
By special request of a great number of gentlemen a handsome Gentlemen's Hair-dressing and Shaving Parlor, called "Carlton Toilette Club," will be opened in rear of building, No. 1 Carlton Street. Gentlemen desiring to patronize the above club are requested to get their numbers for the toilet case, in which their proper articles in connection will be kept. Limited number only.
Ladies' entrance, Yonge Street. Gentlemen's entrance, Carlton Street. Opening first week in July next.
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Business will be carried on as usual at the old stand, 407 Yonge Street, 407, until new store is ready.
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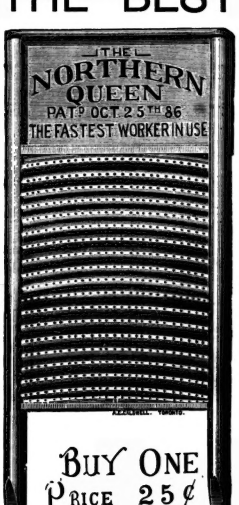

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

There was a considerable change in the rector after half an hour's confidential talk with Gerard; and Miss Gilstone, who hitherto had kept herself out of Mr. Hillersdon's way, received him in her drawing-room, and talked with him for more than an hour, graciously accepting his thanks for all her goodness to Hester.

"Be assured I would have done as much for the poorest girl in the parish, if her sorrows had appealed to me as Hester's did," said Miss Gilstone, "but I don't mind confessing that her beauty and her sweetness have made a profound impression upon me. Poor soul, even in her worst hours every word she spoke helped to show us the gentleness and purity of her nature. I could but think of what Ophelia's brother said of her:

'Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favor, and to prettiness.'

"Oh, Mr. Hanley, it would be an awful thought for you in after years to have led such a girl astray and not to have made any reparation."

"It would have been—it is an awful thought," Gerard answered dejectedly. "The only desire now is that I may live long enough to make her my wife. The day she first recognizes me, the day she is in her right mind, I am ready to marry her. The rector has asked me to be his guest, so that I may know how she progresses hour by hour. Shall I be in your way, Miss Gilstone, if I venture to accept his invitation?

"In my way! No indeed. As if any one my brother likes to ask could ever be in my way. Why, he and I have never had two opinions about anything or anybody in our lives. We are not like the husbands and wives, who seldom seem to think alike about the smallest thing."

"Then I may stay!"

"Of course you may. Your room is being got ready; and we can put up your servant if you like to bring him."

"You are too good; but I have no need of a servant. I shall not impose upon your kindness further than by my own presence."

He sauntered in the churchyard with the rector during the balmy hour before sunset, and in that hour he told Mr. Gilstone his name and his history, frankly and fully, holding back nothing of folly or selfishness, greed of pleasure and greed of wealth.

"Do not think too meanly of me if I confess to having envied my rich friends their wealth, at the university and in the world. I had desire for gold is the sin of the age we live in. The air is charged with bullion. All life is flavored with the follies and extravagances of the newly rich. Everything is given and forgiven to the millionaire. For one Nero, with his Golden House, we have Neros by the score, and whole streets of golden houses. For one Lucullus we have an army of dinner-givers, at whose tables the parasite fattens. It is not possible for a young man to live in the stress and turmoil of London society and not hanker after gold as the one supreme good, and not ache with the pangs of poverty. The time came when I meant to blow my brains out, because it was better to be dead and dust than alive and poor. And on that day of my despair fortune turned her wheel, and I found I was a double millionaire. But scarcely had I tasted the rapture of wealth before I was told that my life was not worth two years' purchase. And from that hour to this I have lived with one dark spectre always at my elbow."

"I have seen so many people at death beds that I can hardly realize the fear of death, said the rector, "any more than I can imagine the fear of sleep."

"Ah, but the everlasting sleep, that's the rub. Not the dreams that Hamlet talks about, but the dreamless blank! 'This sensible warm motion to become a kneaded clod!' To give up everything!"

"Hard indeed, if we had no hope of fairer worlds."

"A hope! A mirage, Mr. Gilstone. I can fully understand that it is your duty, as a minister of the gospel, to hold that mirage before the dying eyes of your parishioners. But do you mean to tell me, after your long life of knowledge and of thought, that the fantastic vision of an after world can be any comfort to you? Where is the link that can unite this dwindling dust below these grave-stones with other planets or with future worlds? New worlds and fairer there may be; new stars may teem with beings of grander frame and nobler minds than ours, star after star, in endless revolution, till there be worlds peopled with gods; but for me, for you, for this dust here, there is nothing more. We have no more account in those glories to come than last summer's butterflies have. We have had our day. Do you remember how Cæsar urged that Catiline and his followers should be punished in their lives, not by death, since death is only the release from suffering, and beyond death there is no place where of joy or sorrow. And you blame Cæsar because ninety years after Cæsar spoke those words a village carpenter, gifted beyond the average of highly gifted humanity, codified the purest and the simplest system of morals ever revealed to man, and threw out by the way hints of a future existence, and because in after generations tradition ascribed to this gifted man miraculous return from death to life—you think, because Jesus talked of a day of judgment and an after-world, that the stern philosophic reason and fact are to weigh as nothing against those vague promises of a rustic teacher."

"My dear friend, I will not say that science has all the strong arguments on her side, and that faith can only sit with folded hands and wait

'The Shadow, cloak'd from hand to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds;'

but I myself will not attempt to reason you out of these dismal views, which the metaphysicians of this age give out with as great delight as if they were bringing us new hopes instead of trying to kill the old ones. I will only say, as St. Paul said, 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable.'

"St. Paul was a dreamer and an enthusiast; just the right man to make a new religion; an intellectual force, great enough to change the face of Europe, and last nineteen hundred years. But I fear that the axe is laid to the root of the tree, and that before the twentieth century is sped Christianity will be at best a State religion—a system of ceremonials and embroidered vestments, as it was in Pagan, as it is in Papal Rome."

* * * * * *

The tranquil monotony of life at Lowcombe Rectory was not unpleasing to Gerard. His health was too weak for the possibilities of London pleasures. It suited him best to spend his days in a dreamy idleness, nursing his shrunken stock of vitality as the poor sempstress nurses her tiny fire, lest the pitiful half hundred of coal should burn too quickly. He was glad to be away from the gay world, and from the house whose splendors and luxuries had long palled upon him. Here, at least, he had rest. Even the rustic simplicity of his surroundings had a soothing influence, recalling his childish days in the old parsonage beside the mouth of the Exe. Here he was at peace, and here he was able to face the inevitable with more resignation than he had felt hitherto.

He knew that he had not long to live. He had seen Dr. South once again since his return to England, and had heard the verdict which he meant to be final. He would question science no more, since science could do so little for him, giving him at most certain rules of dietary, and a prescription which any village druggist could make up. He had to face a future which might be but a few weeks, or which, if he were careful, and Fate and climate were kind, might be spun out a great deal longer.

Here, sauntering by the river on the bright May mornings, he was able to plan that remnant of life, as it was to be spent when Hester was restored to health and reason, and might go with him where he pleased. He would not lose an hour in making her his lawful wife, and then he would take her to Spezia as fast as boat and train could carry them, and instal her in the luxurious nest which had been prepared for another bride. And then they would sail away together to the fairest places of the earth, and so, death kept at bay to the utmost should at last come upon him with gentlest aspect, and find him in his wife's fond arms, her tender hand wiping the last dews from his brow, her kisses on his darkening eyelids.

He revisited some of the old haunts where he had walked with Hester in the late summer time of last year, and these rambles gave him a measure of his vanishing strength. The fields over which he had trodden so lightly only last September seemed now an impossible journey. He was fain to haunt the willowy bank between the churchyard and the Rosary, a distance of less than a mile. This marked the limit of his power, and he had often to rest in the Rosary garden before he could attempt the walk back to the rectory.

The garden was in perfect order, as in the days when Hester had moved about it, "Queen rose of the roses." Everything was to be kept as it had been under her brief tenancy of the house that he had bought for her. She might wish to go back there some day, despite all that she had suffered within those walls. In any case it was her home, and he desired that it should be kept in order for her. In all this time he had ignored his own kindred. His mother and father, Lilian and her husband knew nothing of his return to England. He meant to see his sister again, were it only for half-an-hour, before he went back to Italy; but he did not want to see her until Hester was his wife, and he could bring sister and wife together. He wanted to secure this one happiness before Hester died. At last, after a long month of hope and expectancy, the happy change came. Hester's wearied brain slowly awakened from its troubled sleep, and memory and recognition of familiar faces came back one summer morning with the opening of the June roses that nodded in at her window.

"Gerard," she cried, looking up at him affectionately, as he stood beside her chair, where he had so often waited for the faintest sigh of returning memory, "You have come back from Italy at last. How long you have been away. How dreadfully long!"

He sat with her for an hour talking of different things. Memory came back gradually. It was not till the next day that she remembered her father's death, and the doctor hoped that the night of her wandering by the river, and the loss of her baby, would be blotted out. But that was not to be. As her mind recovered its balance the memory of all she had suffered and done in the long hours of delirium came back in agonizing distinctness. She remembered the watchful care of her nurses, which had seemed to her cruel tyranny. She remembered creeping out of the house, and through the dewy garden in the darkness, and along by the river to that favorite spot where she and Gerard had spent so many happy hours. She remembered how she had thought that death was best for her and for her child, the one refuge from a world in which no one loved them wanted them, she a deserted mistress, her nameless child. She remembered the plunge in the darkness, the soft and buoyant feeling of the water as it wrapped her round—and then no more, except the monotony of quiet days and kindly faces, sunlit room, and sweet-scented flowers at the rectory, a time in which she had for the most part fancied herself a child again, sinless, happy, full of childish thoughts.

* * * * * *

They were married in the shadowy old parish church at half-past eight o'clock one June morning, Hester, pale and wan, but with a delicate loveliness which ill-health could not spoil. She was dressed in a plain gray tweed gown, and neat little hat, ready for a long journey. Gerard was flushed and anxious looking, hollow-eyed and hollow-cheeked, and far more nervous than his bride.

They drove from the church to the station on their way to London, charged with many blessings from the rector and his sister, who, with the parish clerk, had alone witnessed the ceremony.

"She is fast your wife," quoted the rector. "The finest choral service in Westminster Abbey could not make the bond any stronger."

Gerard had telegraphed to his sister to meet him at luncheon at Hillersdon House, where he and Hester should have between twelve and one.

He spent the hour before Lilian's arrival in showing Hester his house.

"It is yours now," he said, "yours as much as the Rosary which I gave you long ago, but not the thing. It will be yours for many a year, I hope, when I am at rest."

She gave him a heart-rending look. Could he think that this splendor would comfort her when he was gone—or that she could ever cease to think of him as her husband—the child her madness had destroyed. She would not pain him by one mournful word, on this day above all other days, when he had done all that he could do to give her back her good name. She went with him from room to room, praising his taste, admiring this and that, till she came to his sanctum on the upper floor.

She had scarcely crossed the threshold when she saw the faun, and gave a little cry of dismay.

"Mr. Jermyn!" she said.

"Only a chance likeness—but a good one, ain't it?"

"Why do you have his likeness in your room? It is an odious face, and he is a hateful man. I cannot understand how you could ever have fancied such a man for your friend."

"He has never been my friend, Hester. I have no friend but Mr. Gilstone. That old man is the first person from whom I have experienced real friendliness since I became a millionaire. Jermyn has been my companion—an amusing companion—and I have never found any harm in him."

Hester looked at everything with fond interest. It was here he had lived before he knew her. It was here he had written, and left for his riverside home with her. She looked at the books, and the curios on the carved oak cabinet, the curtains, statuary; and finally stopped before a curtain of Japanese embroidery, which hung against the panelling.

"Is there a picture behind this curtain," she asked, "a picture which no one must look at without permission?"

"No, it is not a picture. You may look if you like, Hester. I have no secrets from the other half of my soul."

Hester drew back the curtain and saw a large sheet of drawing paper, scrawled over with black lines, conspicuous among them a long downward sweep of the pen, thick and blurred.

"What a curious thing," she cried. "What does it mean?"

"It is the chart of my life, Hester. The downward stroke means the end."

He ripped the sheet off the panel upon which it had been neatly fastened with tiny copper nails, and then tore it into fragments and flung them into the waste paper basket.

"What a curious thing," he cried. "What does it mean?"

"It is the chart of my life, Hester. The downward stroke means the end."

He ripped the sheet off the panel upon which it had been neatly fastened with tiny copper nails, and then tore it into fragments and flung them into the waste paper basket.

"I am reconciled to the end, Hester," he said, softly, as she clung to him, hiding her tears upon his shoulder, "now that you and I are together—will be together to the last."

"Hester! He has found you then, and all is well," cried Lilian, "but, oh, my poor dear, how pale and wan you are looking. Has the world gone so badly with you since we met?" "Ask her no questions, Lilian, but take her to your heart as your sister and my wife."

"Your wife—since when, Gerard!"

"That is a needless question. She is my wife—my loved and honored wife."

Lilian looked at him wonderingly for a moment. Yes, he was in earnest evidently, and this union of which she had never dreamed was an actuality. She turned to Hester without a word and kissed her.

"You shall be to me as a sister," she said, gently, "and I will not ask you what sorrows have made you so sad and pale, or why my brother has kept his marriage a secret from me until to-day."

After this they went down to luncheon, a luncheon at which but little was eaten, yet which was the happiest meal Gerard had shared in for many a day. That shadow of the past which darkened Hester's life touched him but lightly. For him the future was so brief that the past mattered very little. He could not feel any poignant regret for the child whose face he had never seen; for had that child lived, his part in the young fresh life would have been too brief to reckon. The child could have never known a father's love.

They left for Italy by the evening train, Lilian only parting with them at the station, where the two pale faces vanished from her view, side by side. One of those fancies she had faintest hope of ever seeing again in this world.

EPILOGUE.

The London season was waning, and Justin Jermyn was beginning to talk about taking his curse—of nothing particular, but the Pyrenees, when the gossips of those favorite literary, artistic, and social clubs, the Sensorium and the Hepthachord, were interested by a very brief announcement in the *Times* list of deaths.

"On July 6th, on board the Jersey Lily, at Corfu, Gerard Hillersdon, aged 29."

"So that is the end of Hillersdon's wonderful luck," said Larose, "and one of the most live side-shows in London will come off the market. It is only a year and a half since it was finished, and we spent his money like water, I can assure you. We could hardly spend it fast enough to please him. The sensation was delicious from its novelty."

"What was his luck? Got a million or so left him for picking up an old chap's umbrella, wasn't it?"

"No; he saved the old man's life, and almost missed the fortune by not picking up the umbrella."

"Mr. Jermyn loses a useful friend. He was always about with Hillersdon. And who gets all the money? Or did Hillersdon contrive to run through it?"

"Not he," said a gentleman of turfy tastes. "He was a good creature, and I don't believe he ever backed a horse from the day he left Oxford. Such a man couldn't spend a million, much less two millions. He was the sort of fellow who would economize and live upon the interest of his money. Those are not the men who make history."

"He began his career as a scribbler," said some one else. "Wrote a sentimental story, and set all the women talking about him, and then took to something better. There was a very low water when he came into his millions."

"He ought to have run a theater," said another.

"Not he! The man didn't know how to spend money. He was distinguished in nothing."

"He gave most delightful breakfasts," said Larose.

"Yes, to half-a-dozen fellows who talk fine, like you and Reuben Gambler. I say he was a poor creature, upon whom good luck was wasted."

This was the final verdict of the smoking-room. The dead man had had his chance and wasted it.

* * *

It was on the same day that Mr. Crafton, of Messrs. Crafton and Cranberry, Lincoln's Inn Fields, received a visitor, who had by appointment, made by telegraph that morning. The visitor was Justin Jermyn, whom Mr. Crafton had met only once in his life at a dinner given by his client, Gerard Hillersdon.

The solicitor received Mr. Jermyn with grave cordiality, the recent death of an important client demanding an air of suppressed mournfulness.

"Sad news from Corfu," said Jermyn. "You saw the announcement in the *Times*, of course?"

"Yes; but it was not news to me. I had a telegram within two hours of the event—which was not unexpected. Our client has been slowly fading out of life ever since he left England in June. You have not been yachting with him, Mr. Jermyn?" interrogatively.

"No; I have written to him two or three times offering myself for a short cruise. It was I who bought the yacht for him, and superintended her fitting out. But his reply was brief, and," with something of his familiar laugh, subdued to meet the circumstances, "he evidently didn't want me; but as there was a lady in the case I was not offended. I'll go in a gone, poor fellow. A brilliant life, only too brief. One would rather log on for a dull fourscore, even without his superior advantages."

There was a pause. Mr. Crafton looked politely anticipative of he knew not what. And then, on the other side smiling and did not speak, he himself began:

"You may naturally suppose, that, as a friend of Mr. Hillersdon's, you may have been remembered for some graceful gift, or even a money legacy," he said blandly, "but I am sorry to tell you there are no such gifts or legacies. Our lamented client died intestate."

"How do you know that—and so soon?" asked Jermyn, still smiling.

"We have the fact under his own hand, in a letter dated only three days before his death. The letter is here," taking it from a brass rack on the table. "I will read you the passage."

He cleared his throat, sighed and read as follows:

"My doctor, who has been hinting at wills and testaments for the last month, tells me that if I have to make my will I must make it without loss of an hour. But I am not going to make any will. My fortune will go just where I am content that it shall go, and I can trust those who will inherit to deal generously with others whom I might have named had I made myself to the horror of written language. I would as soon assist in the making of my coffin. I shall leave it to my father to make a suitable acknowledgment, on my own behalf, to you and Mr. Cranberry, whose disinterested care of my estate, hum, hum, 'and' hum. I need read no further."

"No. It is a curious thing that a man should write those words who had three months before made a holograph will, and had it duly witnessed in my presence."

"When was this?"

"On the third of May in this year."

"You surprise me. Were you one of the witnesses?"

"Certainly not."

"And how did you know of the will?"

"I was present when it was made, and it was given into my possession. I have brought it to you, Mr. Crafton, in order that you may do as much for me as you did two years ago for my lamented friend, Gerard Hillersdon."

He handed the lawyer a document which consisted of only two sheets of bath post, each sheet in Gerard Hillersdon's hand writing, and each sheet duly signed and attested.

The first sheet set forth the nature of the testator's possessions, a long list of securities; the second sheet bequeathed these to "Justin Jermyn of 4 Norland Court, Piccadilly, whom I appoint my residuary legatee."

"That will is good enough to stand, I think, Mr. Crafton."

"An excellent will, although he does not particularize half his property."

"No; but I think the words residuary legatee will cover everything."

"Assuredly. Was he of sound mind when he made this will?"

"He was never of unsound mind within my knowledge. You had better question the witnesses, his valet and his butler, as to his mental condition on the evening of May the third."

"I will not trouble them. I am sorry for your disappointment, Mr. Jermyn, though less sorry than I might have been had you a nearer claim on our deceased client. This will is waste paper."

"How so. You don't pretend there is any subsequent will."

"Not unless one was made after the letter I have read to you. Your will is rendered invalid by our client's marriage."

"His marriage!"

"Yes. He was married on the third of June, very quietly, at the Parish church of Lowcombe, Berkshire. He kept his marriage dark, I know. There was no announcement in the papers. The lady was in poorish circumstances, I fancy, and the marriage altogether a romantic affair. She has been with him on his yacht ever since."

"With him. Yes, I knew that she was with him. But his wife! That's a fiction."

"If it is, one of the most genuine-looking marriage certificates I ever handled is a forgery. I have the certificate in my possession, sent to me by the clergyman who performed the ceremony. Mr. Hillersdon having died intestate, his fortune, real and personal—there was very little real property by the way—will be divided between his father and his wife. Your only chance now, Mr. Jermyn, would be to try and marry the widow."

"Thanks for the advice. No, I don't think I should have much chance there. Well, I have lost friend and fortune—but I am here and life is sweet. I am not dashed by your news, Mr. Crafton, though it is somewhat startling. Good day."

He laughed his gnomish laugh, took up his hat in one hand and waved the other to the lawyer, with the lightest gesture of adieu, and so vanished, joyous and tranquil to the last—a man without conscience and without passion.

And what of Hester, enriched beyond the dreams of womanly avarice, but widowed in the morning of her life? Can there be happiness for that lonely heart, charged with sad memories?

Yes, there is at least the happiness of a life devoted to good works, a life divided between the rural quiet of the village by the Thames and those crowded alleys and shabby slums in which John Cumberland and his young wife labor, and in which Hester is their devoted and zealous lieutenant. In every scheme for the welfare of innocent little children, in every effort for the rescue of erring women and girls, Hester is an intelligent and unwearying helper. She does not scatter her wealth blindly or weakly. She is not caught by flowery language or flatteries addressed to her feminine vanity. She brings brain as well as heart to bear upon the business of philanthropy, and in all her dealings with the poor she has the gift of insight, which is second only to her gift of sympathy.

If to help others in their sorrow is to be happy, Hester should attain happiness; but there are those who see upon the fair young face the sign and token of early death, and in those meadow paths and by the river where she and Gerard walked in their summer dream of a deathless love, it may be that those pathetic eyes of hers already see the shadow of the end.

She brought her husband from the lovely land where he died to lay him in Lowcombe Churchyard, and the summer sun seldom goes down without glorifying one gentle figure, seated or kneeling in the hooded chair under a great yew tree, by Gerard Hillersdon's grave.

THE END.

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The Last Days of the Earth.

The earth has been inhabited about twenty-two million years, and its vital history had been divided into six progressive periods: The primordial age, or formation of the first organisms (infusoria, zoophytes, echinodermata, crustaceans, mollusks—a world of the deaf and dumb and almost blind), had not taken less than ten million years to go through its different phases. The primary age (fish, insects, more perfect senses, separate sexes, amphibious tary plants, forests of horse-tails and of tree ferns) had then occupied more than six million years. The secondary age (saurians, reptiles, birds, forests of coniferæ and cycadaceæ) in order to accomplish itself required two million three hundred thousand years. The tertiary age (mammifers, monkeys, superior plants, flowers, fruits and seasons) had lasted half a million years. The primitive human age, the time of national divisions, of barbarism and of militarism, had filled about three hundred thousand years; and the sixth age, that of intellectual humanity, had reigned for nearly two million years.

During that long succession of centuries the earth had grown older and the sun become colder. In the beginning of the ages the terrestrial globe was entirely covered by the waters of the ocean. Upheavals caused, first islands, then vast continents, to emerge. The surface of evaporation diminished in extent; the atmosphere was saturated with less vapor, and could not so well preserve the heat received from the sun, so that a gradual decrease of temperature was brought about. During the first human age three-quarters of the globe was still covered by water, and the temperature remained as high. But from century to century a portion of the rain water filtrated into the interior of the soil to the deep rocks and returned no more to the ocean, the quantity of water diminished, the level of the sea was lowered, and the atmospheric vapor afforded only an insufficiently protecting screen to the nocturnal radiation. There resulted a slow, century-long decrease in temperature, then a spreading of the ice which at first covered only the high mountains and the polar regions, but little by little invaded the temperate regions and insensibly lowered the line of perpetual snow.

On the other hand, the sun, the source of all light and all heat, radiating perpetually without an instant of cessation, in the center of cold, obscure, and empty space, slowly lost the calorific power which caused the earth to live. Of an electric and almost bluish white, saturated with incandescent hydrogen, during the geological periods which witnessed the appearance of terrestrial life, it gradually lost that dazzling whiteness, to acquire the color, perhaps apparently warmer, of glittering gold, and such was its real color during the first three hundred thousand years of human history. It then became yellower and even reddish, consuming its hydrogen, oxidizing itself, metallizing itself. This slow transportation of its photosphere, the increase of its spots, the diminution of its protuberant eruptions, brought about a correlative decrease in the emission of its heat.

In consequence of these various causes the terrestrial temperature had, from century to century, become lower. The geographical aspect of the globe had metamorphosed itself, the sea having several times taken the place of the land, and *vice versa*, the extent of the sea having considerably diminished, and having been reduced to less than a quarter of what it was at the advent of humanity. The seasons which had begun in the tertiary age had perpetuated themselves through the centuries, but with a decreasing intensity for the summer heat. Climates insensibly approached each other near the equator; the glacial zones (boreal and austral) inexorably forced back the temperate zones to the place of the ancient torrid zone. Warm valleys and equatorial regions alone were habitable. All the rest was frozen.

From century to century humanity had attained forms of exquisite beauty, and no longer worked materially. A network of electricity covered the globe, producing at will all that was needed. It was then a unified race, entirely different from the rude and heterogeneous races that had characterized the first period. Doubtless the absolute equality dreamed of by the poets had not been attained and there were still superior and inferior beings, seekers and indifferent men, active and inactive men, but there were no more scandalous unfortunates nor irremediable miseries.

About the year 2,200,000 after Jesus Christ, the last great focus of human civilization showed in the center of equatorial Africa, in the brilliant city of Suntown, which had been several times resurrected from its ashes. It was more than a hundred thousand years since the spots where Paris, London, Rome, Vienna and New York had existed, were buried beneath the ice.

The capital of this aristocratic republic had attained the last limits of a luxurious and voluptuous civilization. Leaving far behind it the childish amusements of Babylon, of Rome, and of Paris, it had thrown itself heart and soul into the most exquisite refinements of pleasure and enjoyment, and the re-ult of progress, the achievements of science, art, and industry had, during several centuries, been applied to raising all the joys of life to their maximum of intensity. Electricity, perfumes, music, kept the senses in a state of over-excitement, so that under the brilliant light of enchanting nights, as beneath the veiled shadows of the day, the nervous system could no longer find a moment's rest, and about their twenty-fifth year men and women dropped dead of total exhaustion. They had only perceived the increasing coldness of the planet and the approach of an eternal winter in order to maintain about themselves a warm and oxygenized atmosphere, milder and more exciting than the old breezes from the woods and prairies, in order to live more rapidly. The elegance of costumes, the beauty of form, had gradually risen to an unexpected perfection in consequence of a passional selection, which seemed to have no other object than happiness. Henceforward, young girls, who from their early spring became devotees of pleasure, were no longer destined to attain the opulent form of summer. Wives no longer became mothers unless by accident. Besides, some of the women of the lower classes alone remained in condition to undertake the duties of motherhood, fashion having for some time been able to suppress the necessity in the upper social sphere.

Then it was seen that the women of the lower classes were the first to see the deadly effects of invading cold, and the day came when it was recognized that amid the enjoyment of pleasure no woman was a mother or could become one.

They no longer wished the inconvenience of maternity, which had so long been left to the inferior women, and they reigned in all the splendor of their unblemished beauty. When a law proclaimed that the entire fortune of the republic would be given to the first woman who would give birth to a child, it was only then they understood the irreparable misfortune that had befallen the last inhabitants of earth.

. . . . . .

Alas! the entire earth had disappeared beneath the snow and ice. Everywhere the desert, everywhere solitude, everywhere silence. Snow followed snow, hoar-frost followed hoar-frost. An immense shroud covered the continent and the seas. Sometimes a solitary peak arose above the frozen ocean; sometimes a dismantled ruin, a spire, a tower, marked the site of a banished city. Even tombs and graveyards were no longer to be perceived; ruins themselves were destroyed. Everywhere nothingness, ice, silence. Days followed days, and every night the red disc of the sun set behind the white plain which slowly, at twilight, took the violet tints of death.

The last human couple, Omegar and Eve, hovered above the plain formerly watered by the Nile, henceforth frozen. They perceived the great pyramid, ruined, but still standing. Its geometric stability had saved it. It was perhaps the only human idea that had attained its end. Created by Cheops to eternally protect his royal mummy, the tomb had survived the revolutions which had destroyed all else. The last man had come to join the last king and shelter himself beneath his shroud.

But the wind of the tempest was blowing again. A fine powdery snow was spreading over the immense desert.

"Let us stop here and rest," said Eve, "since we are condemned to death; and, besides, who has not been? I wish to die in peace in thine own arms."

Seated in a cavity among the ruins, they contemplated the endless space covered with powdery snow.

The young woman crouched feverishly, holding her husband in her arms, trying to struggle with her energy against the invasion of the cold that penetrated her. But the wind and the tempest had resumed their sway, and the fine snow beat in clouds around the pyramid.

"My beloved," he resumed, "we are the last inhabitants of the earth, the last survivors of so many generations. What remains of all the glories, of all the countries, of all the works of the human mind, of all the sciences, of all the arts, of all the inventions? The entire globe is at this moment only a tomb covered with snow."

"Yes," she said, "I have heard of the beauties who reigned over the hearts of kings. Love, beauty, all must end. I love you and I die. Oh! how I would have loved that dear treasure, the one who will never live. But no, we must not die; No! . . . Come, I am no longer cold. Let us walk."

Her feet, already frozen and benumbed, had become inert. She tried to rise and fell back.

"I seem to be sleepy," she said. "Oh, let us sleep."

And throwing her arms around Omegar, she pressed her lips to his. The young man lifted her beautiful form and laid her on his knees. She was already asleep.

"I love you," he said. "Sleep, I shall watch over you."

Then his fixed gaze, shining with a last light, lost itself in a search for the unknown in the desolate gray sky and in the silent and endless plain. No sound came to trouble the death of nature; the snow wind alone moaned around the pyramid, and seemed to wish to awaken the old Pharaon sleeping in its depths for so many million years.

Suddenly the noise of footsteps and moans was heard, lost in the distance. Was it some lethargic awakening in the interior of the monument? Was it a heavy bird, thrown by the tempest against the dismantled steps? Was it some polar bear come with the snow? The noise ceased. A joyful cry sounded, and with one bound a dog, broken by fatigue, jumped on the sleeping couple. It was Omegar's long-lost dog.

He called his master and mistress, licked their face and hands, and covered them with his body to warm them. But they did not awake.

And the snow continued to fall in a fine powder over the entire surface of the earth.

And the earth continued to turn on its axis night and day, and to float through the immensity of space.

And the sun continued to shine, but with a reddish and barren light. But long afterward it became entirely extinguished, and the dead terrestrial cemetery continued to revolve in the night around the enormous, invisible, black ball.

And the stars continued to scintillate in the immensity of the heavens.

And the infinite universe continued to exist with its billions of suns and its billions of living or extinct planets.

And in all the worlds peopled with the joys of life, love continued to bloom beneath the smiling glance of the Eternal.—*Camille Flammaroin in Contemporary Review.*

Tour to Alaska.

It is a pleasant fact that Mr. Grafton, who has so successfully conducted Grafton's tours through Mexico the past three winters, will, on June 29, leave Chicago with a select party for Alaska. The route going will be via Kansas City, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Denver, on through the majestic scenery of Colorado to Salt Lake, Ogden, Portland, Tacoma; thence with the electric lighted steamer Queen to Alaska, returning *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway. Stops will be made at special points of interest, and the charge made will include railway and steamship fare, berths and meals *en route* on steamer and at hotels for a period of thirty days. In regard to the excellence of these tours reference is made, by special permission, to Mr. Joseph Jackes, barrister, 72 Church street, Toronto. For tour books and full information call or write to either of the following: C. D. Richardson, 28 Adelaide street east, W. R. Callaway, 110 King street west, H. D. Armstrong, traveling passenger agent, Jackson, Mich., or T. T. Grafton, manager of tours, 199 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Clarinda.—Quotations not studied.

Doubting Thomas.—Quotations are not studied.

Florida, Queens, L. Inquirer.—See "Doubting Thomas."

Sue.—See answer to Comfort Holdfast. The studies are similar in most points. I think perhaps Sie would get the best of an argument.

B. G. N.—Mirth, humor, impulse, hasty judgment, perseverance, lack of identity, impatience of control, hopefulness, and originality. Sorry to keep you so long suspended.

Muldoon.—Writing shows intuition, hopefulness, rather an imaginative disposition, fond of talking rather than acting with some cranks and prejudices, and also some ability.

Rose.—You are truthful, decided, a little temperamental, deliberate, fond of Number One, fond of dreaming, not easy to deceive, nor very forgiving when injured. Study rather short.

Addie.—Writing shows strength, impulse, tenacity, some ideality, truthfulness, sufficient perseverance. Addie is probably a happy tempered and popular person, rather precise but very fond of fun.

Rage.—Your writing lacks decision and stability. It shows, in the line or two you send, exaggerated feeling, erratic impulse, love of self, some tenacity, but is not a strong or attractive chirography.

Rob Roy.—Writing shows pluck, determination, hope and energy, perseverance and great endurance. I should not think you'd be a nice person to quarrel with, for you hit "straight from the shoulder."

Shorter.—Your very meagre study shows originality, ideality, precision, love of order, perception and proportion. It is positive, self-reliance, decided, but is too small to give a character sketch from half a dozen words.

Nobody's Darling.—Did you wish a graphological study? If so you must say so. Why should vulgarity or shortness or red hair or black prevent anyone from loving you. In consideration of your patience I will put away your letter in case you wish the writing studied.

M. G. R.—Writing shows want of persistent effort, great force of will, not always directed by the best judgment, fondness for good things, not any delicacy nor perception, but much self-reliance and a careless off-hand way. I don't think you are generous, though you are always just.

Comfort Holdfast.—Writing shows kindness, faithfulness, some tendency to hero worship, not very buoyant nor self-reliant, but probably lovable and in times of test liable to come out well, no sense of proportion or great reasoning power; none of the neat trimness which is so attractive in woman.

Agatha.—Writing shows decision, temper, some love of beauty and fondness for the opposite sex—not very positive of fulfilment. You are not very constant nor very generous, but you are very gay in manner and no doubt have many friends. If you had told me what color it now is I might have advised you.

Mosaic.—I could get very little knowledge of your character and disposition from seven words, Mollie, but I see you are decided, original, rather quick-tempered, rather stingy of goods and gold, not very hopeful, apt to judge hardly, very orderly and rather persistent. That is all I can possibly make out.

Juno.—Writing shows pretty good opinion of yourself, tenacity and energy, little ideality, some impulse and fondness for social intercourse. I think you are apt to judge astily, though very often correctly, probably have good ability, and while not too buoyant have sufficient go and will get through life successfully.

Tiny C.—Writing shows perversity, some intuition, rather fond of Number One and of having your own way. You are probably a good talker, and have original ideas and good reasoning power. You can enjoy fun, but resent it when directed against yourself. You are fond of pretty things and enjoy the goods of life thoroughly.

Tribe A.—Writing shows humor, perseverance, order, a mind more just than generous, some love of beauty and correct taste. I think you are a little Tribe A. Your enclosure shows love of pleasure and society, probably a very pleasant and adaptable disposition, rather given to pain in a vivid manner, very generous, artistic or curious.

Knickerbocker.—Writing shows intuitive perception, ease of expression, great tenacity but not any self-will, taste and love of the beautiful, truth, weight but lack of proportion a well balanced mind. You are generous and good tempered. Your writing is very good, indeed it's only fault shown is that slight fault referred to. I am sure you are pleasant to know.

Melrose Street Synthos.—Mark Twain is very much alive. He has just arranged a foreign tour for himself and family. Writing shows lack of fixed purpose, happy disposition, frank and candid, not much administrative ability, but lots of energy and pluck. Needs concentration, discipline and more care for details. I don't think other people's good or bad opinion comes between you and your rest.

Bardget.—Writing shows strong prejudice and too inflated idea, self-less tenacity, rather a thoughtful turn of mind, a broken reed to rely upon in any pinching or distressing dilemma. There is in some letters a leaning to deceit, from motives of policy rather than love of crooked ways. Bridget would be the better of some strong backing and the cultivation of directness in both speech and thought.

Hilda.—Writing shows ideality, decision tempered with kindness. No great wish for praise, but conscientious and persevering. I think you are quick and impulsive, with your likes and dislikes strongly developed. Are you always quite sincere in your professions? And do you always do your neighbors justice in your judgment of them? I am sorry to refuse your friends a delineation, but I never read quotations.

Annie.—1. Your writing shows great ideality and intuition, some conscientiousness, rather a hopeful turn of disposition. I think you are true and conscientious. 2. How can I suggest anything unless I know the circumstances in the first place? I think, if you can sing, make a good kindergartener; if you are very strong, a capital little nurse. As to income, the most successful is the nicest in my way of thinking.

Burzilla.—1. Writing shows impulse, temper, and lack of perception. It also shows persistency, love of order, not enough decision of purpose, and no hope. It is rather an unfinished and uncultivated hand, and the capitals are very scant and unlovely. 2. "From" is the preposition required. 3. I have lately given several ways of amusing oneself for little money and Personal column, and have not space here for repetition.

Macbusher.—A strong sense of humor, great faithfulness, some energy and tenacity, kind of many moods, now hopeful, now depressed, now patient, now impatient, are shown in this study. The writer is generous and kind in judgment, some liable to pity himself, inclined to have his own way and goes in it whenever she can. A nature capable of sublime effort and endurance under stress of incentive, not likely to seek friends or society. You don't fit your name, MacBlusher.

Chicory.—Writing shows honesty, a little self-conciousness, rather a sharp tongue, you are not visionary nor yet very hopeful, and you find crooked places in your way through life. You are quick and capable, rather energetic and impatient, and you don't sympathize readily in the affairs of others. You have your ideas, but you will fail to realize it. I think you judge harshly sometimes, but you are not wilfully unkind. You have great self respect and when you love you don't do so by halves.

Tim.—You were not quite definite enough, dear boy. Is your home in Toronto or the place you wrote from? You could live here on the sum you mentioned unless you were very parsimonious. I was very much interested in your letter, and am sorry not to have been able to attend to it sooner. So long as you don't feel more anxious to change than you seemed at your last writing, I should not dare advise you to do so. If I can give you any hints shall be glad to do so, if you will write to me again.

Kathleen.—Writing shows large heartedness, kindness, some love of power and desire for fame. You are incapable of a mean action though you might accomplish an awkward one when you had not the proper conception of perception. You have some energy, and decision enough to be becoming. I don't think you are good at repartee nor have a very keen sense of humor but you appreciate it in others. You have enough perseverance to carry out your plans and enough judgment to plan sensibly.

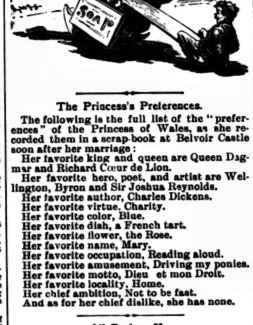
Witch.—Writing shows strength of character, independence, exaggeration, temper. I don't think you're a buoyant or hopeful nature, but don't see anything "bad" about you. If you speak as you write, which is very probable, you would be more admirable to me if you toned down a little, though your vigor would doubtless make me laugh as your writing does. The reputation you confess to having gained isn't enviable, but time will tell, and when they come to their senses make the best of good women.

Somebody's Darling.—The fault you own up to is such a dangerous one to your own future comfort that I cannot try it were you to cultivate that sympathy and intuitive perception which your writing shows you have. You are a little bit selfish and rather proud, but you have plenty of good traits. You have a good sense of humor, but prefer fun like to be on some one else. You are a determined person, but rather reserved in some ways. You have a good deal of temper, a dash of ambition and you lack patience and generosity.

Scotch Heather.—1. Both letters are to hand. Sorry you had to wait. Writing shows strong originality, and decision of character, love of order and strong reasoning powers, some impatience and impulse. I think you have a well disciplined mind and are perhaps rather fond of power and very loyal and affectionate to the few. Should not be surprised if you were a little self-willed and hard to contract. It is very attractive writing and most interesting. 2. The study is trying, naturally, as it make awful drains on time and patience. I will hunt you up the book you desire when I have time.

Quillbreyer.—Your little letter slipped away down under the pile. I intended answering it a month ago. Hope you will forgive me, little woman. I was very much interested and pleased with your letter and hope you will write again. 1. True friendship. 2 It depends on the complexion and often on the style—a dashing brunette can wear almost any color if her complexion be clear, mauve and pale green excepted. Your temperament, the melancholic, tries you and probably tries your neighbors too. It surprises me that people can be persistently blue when there are so many bright and bonnie things around them. It really is wicked to keep it up. The trouble has come right as far as it ever will but I and almost everyone could find plenty to howl about if we were inclined that way.

Making Pleasure of a Duty.



The Princess's Preferences.

The following is the full list of the "preferences" of the Princess of Wales, as she recorded them in a scrap-book at Belvoir Castle soon after her marriage:

Her favorite king and queen are Queen Dagmar and Richard Cœur de Lion.

Her favorite hero, poet, and artist are Wellington, Byron and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Her favorite author, Charles Dickens.

Her favorite virtue, Charity.

Her favorite color, Blue.

Her favorite dish, a French tart.

Her favorite flower, the Rose.

Her favorite name, Mary.

Her favorite occupation, Reading aloud.

Her favorite amusement, Driving my ponies.

Her favorite motto, Dieu et mon Droit.

Her favorite locality, Home.

Her chief ambition, Not to be fast.

And as for her chief dislike, she has none.

All Broken Up

A young woman went to a church of which she is not a regular attendant and was politely shown into a pew. Soon after a man made his appearance and immediately glared upon the visitor as if she were an unwelcome intruder. He seated himself with the air of a proprietor and continued to stare at the fair stranger in the most insolent manner. Embarrassed beyond measure the young lady felt impelled to offer an apology, which she did in the following terms:

"Excuse me, sir, do you occupew this pie?

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A Triolet to the June Bug,

It is the worthy June bug,
Who always comes in May
To thump the ceiling with his mug,
As pugilist the walls to slug.
In maiden's hair to nestle snug,
With none to say him nay.
Such is the worthy June bug,
Who always comes in May.

Fire Insurance.

A story is going round the papers about "a witty retort" alleged to have been made by Archbishop Magee to a rich man who was boasting that he gave away £5,000 to the poor every year. "Dear me," said Dr. Magee, "that is the largest insurance against fire I ever heard of." This would not have been a very becoming "retort" for an eminent divine, and, as a matter of fact, Archbishop Magee never said anything of the kind. The "retort" in question was made by the late Mr. James Merry when he heard that Mr. Baird, who had made a vast fortune out of the Gartsherrie ironworks, had given a quarter of a million to the Free Church of Scotland.

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Music.

The Thomas orchestral concert was another of the great musical treats that have been provided for Torontonians this season by the Philharmonic Society, through its energetic president, Mr. John Earls. Mr. Earls has left no stone unturned in his efforts to secure for us the principal attractions that are available on this continent, and it is to be regretted that his efforts have not always met with the success that his enterprise deserved. In this case, however, the energy of the little president met with well-deserved appreciation, and there was a large audience at the Pavilion on the evening of the 11th. Had the date been earlier in the season the attendance would have been still greater, but a busy musical season had tired out many concert-goers. There will always be "kickers," and some people complained that one or two of the numbers on the programme were omitted, although, as it was, the concert was not over until 10.30. At this time of the year, most of us find that two hours and a quarter of concert, even if it is Theodore Thomas, is sufficient for one sitting. Still it is well to adhere to the printed programme, especially when one of the pieces left out was a Wagner excerpt and never heard in Toronto, which may have attracted many of the audience.

The orchestra itself was, of course, the great attraction. It numbered forty-two executants, the smallest number Mr. Thomas has yet brought to Toronto. This led to a somewhat poor *ensemble* as there were only six first violins, and the unison of tone in these was hardly up to expectations, even without considering the weakness against a free complement of wind instruments. The latter section was very good, especially the horns, although the trumpets and trombones were not as mellow and rich in tone as I had expected to find them. The cellos were excellent, probably because among them was our old friend, Mr. Ludwig Corell, so great a favorite in Toronto during his residence here. It is possible that a recent hearing of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with a strength of seventy-five men, may have put me in rather a critical frame of mind, but I must confess to an active feeling of disappointment at the general effect of the Fifth Symphony as played by Thomas on this occasion.

*

Mr. Thomas exhibited much of the care that has characterized his former work here, but the effect of travel, causing cessation of regular rehearsals, was apparent in a certain lack of accentuation and elegance of phrasing. His reading of the symphony generally was scholarly and correct, but the strict guiding hand was not as all-pervading as in former years. The symphony has been rendered here once before, by Dr. Damrosch if I am not mistaken. It is ranked, with the Ninth, as the greatest of Beethoven's symphonic works. Its originality and unconventionality are indisputable. Berlioz says: "The symphony in C minor appears to me to be the direct and unmixed product of the genius of its author, the development of his most individual mind. His secret sorrows, his fits of rage or depression, his visions by night, and his dreams of enthusiasm by day form the subject of the work; while the forms of both melody and harmony, rhythm and instrumentation, are as essentially new and original as they are powerful and noble."

*

Berlioz holds that the first movement, allegro conbrio, is devoted to the representation of the disorder and confusion of a great mind in despair—not that concentrated, calm despair which appears outwardly resigned, nor the stunned dumb distress of Romeo when he hears of the death of Juliet, but rather the tremendous fury of Othello when Iago communicates to him the venomous calumnies which convince him of Desdemona's guilt. The noble, impressive commencement of this movement, the three reiterated short notes, followed by one long one—simple yet full of dignity and calling for immediate attention—were well given by the wind instruments, following which the horns, despite their excellence, were a little shaky, but soon recovered themselves. The second movement and ante-commoto is full of melancholy, dignity and touching graces. Once heard it can never be forgotten. The sublimity of simplicity is in its closing phrase. In this movement the orchestra achieved some remarkable pianissimos which were splendidly effective. The closing movements were excellently rendered.

*

The ever-welcome Tannhæuser overture received a fine rendering, as did one of Dvorak's Slavonic Dances. The Carillon from Bizet's Suite Arlesienne is a most delightful little bit of clever writing, and on Friday all the musicians who met each other, held up their fingers and said "pom-pom-pom-pom-pump-pom-pom," to show that they remembered the burden which ran through it all. Joseffy made his first appearance here some eight years ago and showed great improvement. His playing is more virile and enterprising. His rendering of the Chopin Gansig Concerto was delightful. He displayed a beautiful rich, golden tone that I have only heard in Von Bulow. He has suffered for many years from a suspicion of effeminacy in tone and style, but that is now gone. He may be quite content to measure himself with the best who have reached Toronto at all events. Miss Fleming is a slender young lady with a very strong voice, whose quality in the upper notes does not excite my enthusiasm, and in her rendering of Che Faro she seemed to think more of her voice than of her interpretation. An irreverent genius who sat near me made an execrable pun when he heard Campanini sing. He said it was Neapolitan *Ice Cream!* Alluding further to the celebrated Italo's use of the voce di testa, he said it was *voce dilestable.* With which comment I leave Mr. Campanini.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

For some time past the Misses Webling—Josephine and Peggie—well known English elocutionists, have been visiting in Canada. On Friday evening last at a private recital in this city they gave one of the most charming entertainments conceivable, the two score privileged auditors awarding them encomiums such as are seldom received by those who appeal to so small an audience. Of Shakespeare and Dickens they made a most delightful programme, and Toronto people who desire to give drawing-room or more pretentious entertainments can find nowhere more refined and pleasing artists than these young English women. If the Misses Webling do not succeed in Canada it will be a disappointment to those who believe that nowhere can a more appreciative audience be gathered together than in Toronto. Amongst the many letters of commendation and introduction they brought with them, the following are especially worthy of mention, the first being addressed by Professor John Ruskin to R. J. Webling, father of the young ladies:

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am most happy to assure you, in reply to your interesting letter that I heard your daughters' recitations in London last autumn with quite unmixed pleasure and the sincerest admiration, nor merely that, but with grave change in my opinions of the general value of recitations as a means of popular instruction; usually, I like better to hear beautiful poetry read quietly than recited with action, but I felt in hearing Shelley's Cloud recited (I think it was by Miss Josephine) that I also was "one of the people" and understood the poem better than ever before, though I am by way of knowing something about clouds too. I also know the Jackdaw of Rheims pretty nearly by heart, but I would gladly come to London straightway, had I the time, to hear Miss Peggy speak it again. And—in fine—I have not seen any public entertainment for many a long year—at once so sweet, so innocent, and so helpful, as that which your children can give to all the gentle and simple in mind and heart.

Believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully and with all felicitation, yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The Hon. J. Russell Lowell, writes: "An enterta'nment for which I can find no other word than delightful."

The Misses Webling are guests of relatives in Brantford.

*

Miss Nettie A. Sheppard, a Canadian girl, for the past two years teacher of elocution in one of the Normal schools of Michigan, has received an exceedingly pleasant and profitable appointment in the state of Texas.

*

STRAY STAGE MEMORIES OF ELLEN TERRY.

It was at the Queen's Theater, on one very foggy night in—I forget the month and even the year—that Mr. Irving and I acted together for the first time. The play was Katherine and Petruchio, a hashed up version of the Taming of the Shrew. I fancy we neither of us played very well. From the very first I noted that Mr. Irving worked more concentratedly than all the other actors put together, and the most important lesson of my working life I learnt from him—that to do one's work well one must work continually, live a life of constant self-denial for that purpose and, in short, keep one's nose upon the grindstone. It is a lesson one had better learn early in stage life, I think, for the bright, glorious, healthy career of a successful actor is but brief at the best.

There is an old story told of Mr. Irving being "struck with my talent at this time, and promising that if he had a theater of his own he would give me an engagement." But that is all moonshine. As a matter of fact I'm sure he never thought of me at all at that time. I was then acting very badly and feeling ill, caring scarcely at all for my work or a theater or anything belonging to a theater.

Mr. Boucicault had lately offered me an engagement in America on what seemed to me extraordinary terms, but I declined his offer, and after acting in two or three more plays under the Wigan management, I left the stage for many years.

When I returned it was to the same theater, The Queen's was now under a different management, and my old friend, Mr. Charles Reade, was at the head of affairs. Dear, lovable, aggravating, childlike, crafty, gentle, obstinate and entirely delightful and interesting Charles Reade! His play, The Wondering Heir, was in the middle of a successful run, and Mrs. John Wood, who was playing the principal part, was leaving the theater for some other engagement. I took her place as Philippa Chester, and from that time until the present have never lost zest for my work.

That was a delightful engagement. Mr. Reade used to go into a private box every night and watch the play and send me round notes between each act, telling me what I had done ill and what well in the preceding act. I have the letters still, and were I to give them here the readers of Stray Memories would find very different and very interesting reading; but since I am of the opinion that to publish private letters intended for only one person is like asking an audience to put their ears to a keyhole and listen to a private conversation, I must ask to be endured for my own sake.

I never have met with anybody who possessed so many opposite characteristics as Charles Reade. He was so big-hearted and guileless, and yet for moments as suspicious as Old Nick. One moment, with a friend, it would be "My dearest child," and the next (under some fancied wrong)—"Madam, you are a rat—you desert a sinking ship." I have seen him stand up and sing The Girl I Left Behind Me in the most pathetic manner, with the tears streaming over his kind old cheeks. I've seen him white with rage, and his dark eyes blazing, when some one belonging to me has said lightly and playfully to him, "Why did poor Nell come home from rehearsal looking so tired yesterday? You work her too hard." He thought it was unjust, and simply flamed in his wrath—but oh, it was so sweet, the reconciliations after the little misunderstandings, and the rehearsals were always shorter afterward.

He used to say there should be no such word as quarrel, and one morning he produced mysteriously from his pocketbook a slip of paper with these words written in big letters: "There do exist such things as honest misunderstandings."

"There, my Eleanora Delicia"—he always called me that (my name was Ellen Alicia)—"stick that up in some place where you will often see it. Better put it on your looking glass," he rudely added, "and it will save you a world of unhappiness if you get those words well into your noddle." I think he was right.

Not always so right were his theories about stage management. One idea of his was that everything should be real in the way of properties upon the stage, and he produced a little play of his own, called Rachel the Reaper, and tried to put into practice some of his pet theories. He had a short, real wall built across the stage, but as there was no real sun there were no real shadows, and the absence of the painted shadows made the real wall appear like anything but a wall at all. There was a real pony who did his part beautifully; but the real sheep, the real dog and the real goat really deserved to be fined a week's salary.

As for the real pigs—well, they never appeared at all! Mr. Reade arrived in a four wheeler one morning at rehearsal with a goat and three wee pigs! The goat was secured, but the instant the cab door was opened away went the wee pigs helter skelter, one toward the Strand, another toward the Endell Street Baths, another here and there, and dear old Charles Reade flying after them, and in such deadly earnest, too! for did not the success of the play depend upon those real pigs? But no—not "one little piggie stayed at home," and Charles Reade in his rage declared the pigs should be "cut out"—and cut out they were.

The goat—it was a he, and we called it Rachel, after the play—was taken by Charles Reade to his beautiful garden at Knightsbridge. A little thatched house was built for him and books On Goats were bought to know how to treat that animal properly. But the ungrateful wretch had no appreciation of the fine food bought him, nor of the velvety lawn, and even the thatched house failed to touch his heart. He pined away, getting thinner and thinner the better he was fed. Now the dining-room was on a level with the lawn. One evening the windows were opened, and when the gas was lighted in frisked Mr. Goat in the highest spirits. All was clear. He had been born and bred in the sawdust (Charles Reade had bought him from a circus), and he pined—not for fresh air nor for lawns, nor thatched houses, but for the smell of the lamps and the applause of the multitude. He may be alive at this day, for he was sent back as an ungrateful goat, who had no more appreciation than a pig of an æsthetic existence.

How many animals (on two and four legs!) have cause to remember Charles Reade with reverence and gratitude!

Talking of realism reminds me that people often express surprise at the real tears I shed when I am acting. Their surprise surprises me. My effort is to keep from tears. When I, as Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing, listen in the church scene each night to Hero being "done to death by slanderous tongues;" to her father's agony and grand championship of her; to the sweet, tender words of the Friar, I ask myself how can any one hear such words unmoved? And then later on in the scene the winged words of Beatrice—in defence of her cousin—can anything be more tear-stirring!

But no! some people can't cry, and yet can feel stirred to the depths of their nature. Of course some, too, have no depths to stir. Some, when they walk in the woods in the spring time can't see fairies—even in the evening. I remember a sweet, white-faced old man, who used to go round his garden every evening just saying good night to his flowers. I came upon him between one evening, and found the dear him talking slunk away again. After that I sat in the bay window with my work and watched him each evening. I am sure he saw fairies. Oh, for an audience of many such as he!

He could not read Shakespeare well himself, but he was so simple a gentleman, so single-minded, that any actor not "a born fool" would have learned much from him on listening to his reading of King Lear, Othello, the Friar in Much Ado, &c. He would sing a simple ballad, too, with the tears pouring down his face, the beauty of the plain story going straight to his heart, and his eyes just running over with sympathy. That is the kind of people who have been my best teachers. Hold the mirror up to nature and one can learn so much. Observe a child—a dog. Imitate the unconsciousness of a dog, if you can! A dog going through a crowd of people after his beloved mistress, who is in a cab ahead. Look at it; think of it, dissolute man. Watch it and imitate, then, if you can.

To return, however, for a moment of tears. I do not say that the absence of tears shows a lack of feeling. For instance, the greatest of living actresses, Sarah Bernhardt, spoke upon this very subject with me at our first meeting, which was on the Lyceum stage after a performance of Iolanthe (King Rene's daughter). The scene was still set. It was a garden. Dear me! how she dazzled and interested me! She flitted here and there, pretending to smell the flowers—she rustled and rustled—shimmer—shimmer went her dress—and flit—flit went she. It made me think the garden was real—my own stage garden that I had been acting in. She seemed to me a butterfly, and I—an elephant! I did feel heavy, dull and stupid by the side of her. It was the first time I had met her—off the stage.

She chattered away all the while in French, since she couldn't in English, and thereby showed her wit, all the time charming us—or me at all events—and holding the situation most completely. I remember that evening (when she left off flitting, and proved to me she was not really a butterfly by eating some asparagus for supper after the play) she spoke to me about my real tears in King Rene's daughter, not with surprise, but with interest and sympathy, and told me she could not cry. But I know that she felt like crying, though her tears did not come. "It is a very penurious and sceptical love which must understand before it can sympathize." Although I did not see "I heard her tears," and knew they were in her soul. No! despite all that Diderot and even M. Coquelin have said to the contrary, I do not believe that an actress can really move her audience unless she is herself affected by certain passages. But to teach the art of shedding tears is as impossible as it is to teach the art of feeling.

These slight sketches, please remember, are supposed to be "stray memories"—not set opinions. So I am very loath to dogmatize on any point. But I have received so many letters lately from people asking me to state my views on Hedda Gabler that I cannot resist the temptation of speaking my mind outright, though it seems to me that everybody has said everything that can be said about Ibsen's plays. Well, to be frank, I should not myself care to act in them. I consider myself very happy and fortunate in having nearly always been called upon to act very noble, clear characters, since I prefer that kind of part, and love Portia and Beatrice better than Hedda, Nora, or any of those silly ladies. Yet Ibsen is attractive to actors and especially actresses. I think it must be that Ibsen is so extraordinarily easy to act.

To return to the Prince of Wales' Theater, Mr. Bancroft's arrangement of the Merchant of Venice was the very best I have known for "up to date" requirements of the stage. How I loved playing Portia—I have tried five or six different ways of treating her. Unfortunately, the way I think the best way does not find response with my audiences. An actor has different systems, methods, for, of course, playacting is scientific—and much more—for there are more things within an actor's soul than science can ever comprehend. One could, if one would, say much to the proving that our lovely art can be measured up by the rule and compass—that this sign is so many inches, and that laugh so much, by so and so—but if I could find words I would rather leave that proving to another and dwell instead upon what else goes toward the making a great actor. The actor whose fibre can respond to delicate touch and whose face can show the workings of the mind, I esteem more highly than the man who may possess a powerful voice—though, by the way, this is always a very valuable possession, for the one with a powerful organ may be a dullard, the other—no! that would be impossible. To stand and walk well, to fence, to intone and speak with rhythm—all these may be taught and are very necessary, but what cannot be taught goes beyond all this, and the rarer qualities were possessed by the few actors who have filled the niche of fame—century after century—Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, and now Irving fills it as assuredly as that the world moves round the sun!

"When God said Let there be light, and light was, and God saw that it was good, was He thinking as He said this of the exact velocity it traveled at, and of the exact laws it traveled by, which you wise men are at such infinite pains to discover, or was He thinking of something else, which you take no pains to discover at all, of how it clothed the wings of the morning with silver and the feathers of the evening with gold?" I don't know who wrote that, but I read it somewhere years ago, and got it into my memory, and the passage occurs to me always when I hear people ask about acting.

Lincoln in His Younger Days.

Carl Schurz, in his brilliant paper on Abraham Lincoln, in the June *Atlantic*, thus describes the young Abraham Lincoln. He writes:

He won a neighborhood reputation as a clever young man, which he increased by his performances as a speaker, not seldom drawing upon himself the dissatisfaction of his employers by mounting a stump in the field, and keeping the farm hands from their work by little speeches in a jocose and sometimes also a serious vein. At the rude social frolics of the settlement he was the important person, telling funny stories, mimicking the itinerant preachers who had happened to pass by, and making his mark at wrestling matches, too; for at the age of seventeen he had attained his full height, six feet four inches in his stockings, if he had any, and a terribly muscular clodhopper he was. But he was known never to use his extraordinary strength to the injury or humiliation of others; rather to do them a kindly turn, or to enforce justice and fair dealing between them. All this made him a favorite in backwoods society, although in some things he appeared a little odd to his friends. Far more than any of them he was given not only to reading, but to fits of abstraction, to quiet musings with himself, and also to strange spells of melancholy, from which he often would pass in a moment to rollicking outbursts of droll humor. But, on the whole, he was one of the people among whom he lived; in appearance, perhaps, even a little more uncouth than most of them—a very tall, raw-boned youth, with large features, dark shriveled skin, and rebellious hair; his arms and legs long, out of proportion; clad in deer-skin trowsers, which from frequent exposure to the rain had shrunk so as to sit tightly on his limbs, leaving several inches of bluish skin exposed between their lower end and the heavy tan-colored shoes; the neither narrower held usually by one suspender that was strung over a coarse home-made shirt; the head covered in winter with a coonskin cap, in summer with a rough straw hat of uncertain shape, without a band.

It is doubtful whether he felt himself much superior to his surroundings, although he confessed to a yearning for some knowledge of the world outside of the circle in which he lived. This wish was gratified; but how? At the age of nineteen he went down the Mississippi to New Orleans as a flatboat hand, temporarily joining a trade, many members of which at that time still took pride in being called "half horse and half alligator." After his return he worked and lived in the old way until the spring of 1830, when his father "moved again," this time to Illinois; and on the journey of fifteen days "Abe" had to drive the ox wagon which carried the household goods. Another log cabin was built, and then, fencing a field, Abraham Lincoln split those historic rails which were destined to play so picturesque a part in the presidential campaign twenty-eight years later.

An Idea for the "Mail."

Fadhunter—I've hurt my right thumb, cutting coupons.

Shippen Clarke—I didn't know you were that wealthy.

Fadhunter—Oh, they weren't interest coupons! I was only voting for my favorite drug clerk.

Longfellow—A Song.

For Saturday Night.

Harvest hymns or lightsome lays,
Powerful psalms of purest praise,
Simple songs of woodland ways,

Harmonies on divers strings
From his honest heart he sings,
A bobbling brook of song it springs.

The bubbling brook becomes a river
And sweeps softly on forever
Thro' meadows wide and fields of clover,

Where wand'ring angler stops to think,
Where mild-eyed cattle stoop to drink,
Or children play upon the brink;

Where whisp'ring alders softly sigh,
Where green boughs waving hide the sky
The tuneful river ripples by.

. . . . . .

Sitting dreaming by the river
Where the sun and shadows quiver,
Where the sun and shadows mingling seem to kiss,
Where the water ripples, ripples
As it dances o'er the pebbles
Where the little whirling wavelets foam and hiss;

Sitting by the rushing river
Where the shadows softly quiver
And the water ripples, ripples as it goes,
Where the alders wave their branches
Dropping leaves to take their chances
In the merry laughing river as it flows;

Sitting silent near the rushes
Where the sun the river flushes
With sudden slanting gleams of golden light,
Where the passing clouds show glancing,
Through the waving alder branches
Of a sky that beams with beauty, blue and bright;

Sitting resting by the river,
Sitting idle there forever,
One would never think the earth but common ground.
By the river running swift
Soft the summer days would drift,
One would live in a glad dream of sweetest sound.

. . . . . .

Sweeter than the sweetest flute
Now his gentle voice is mute;

Still and dead his body lies
Hushe his lips and closed his eyes.

The river of his song remains
Murm'ring on in tender strains.

. . . . . .

The river of the poet's song shall flow
While all the pulses of the aged beat,
Till o'er the rugged outskirts of the world
The twilight of the end of all appears;
The gray old world, ceasing its weary flight,
Fades in the mist and shadow of the night.

E. M. SCHOLEFIELD.

To My Friend.

For Saturday Night.

I was thinking of you this morning
While birds were hymning sweet,
And I asked our Heavenly Father
To guide our wandering feet,

Along earth's weary pathway
Wherever we chance to roam,
Close together or far apart,
To Heaven's eternal home.

Is's such a beautiful morning,
A beautiful day in spring,
The sun is shining brightly
And birds are on the wing,

Chirping and singing welcome,
Perhaps glad hymns of praise
To our good Heavenly Father
For giving such beautiful days.

The singing of birds is beautiful,
The sunshine of spring is sweet,
But singing and bird songs do not make
Our happiness all complete.

Our dearest must be beside us,
Our Father must smile from above,
And then we can thank Him with grateful hearts
For song birds, for springtime and love.

ELDA MAUDE.

A Summer Evening in the Country.

For Saturday Night.

Low down in the west is a red gold band
And a slumb'rous haze envelopes the land,
While lazily up through the knee-deep grass,
Their bells slowly clanging, the cattle pass.
Through the fleecy-stained meadows the fragrant breeze
Comes swaying the boughs of the whispering trees.
From far off fields floats the whip-poor-will's call
And silence and peace descend over all.

ARRAN PAX.

In the Spring Woods.

I went between the woods when spring
Did waken all the world,
When notes of birds came jargoning,
When brooks were great with clamoring
And skies in dreams were furled.

I noted how great Nature's heart
With all things did expand;
How g'wd, with holy lips apart,
The young Spring stood with pulsing heart,
Amid the waking land;

How low the loving clouds did lean
To kiss the dreaming earth;
How all the brooding woods between,
The south winds went like ones who glean
Sweet harvests ere their birth;

And under all the mighty trees
Who spread their naked arms,
From out the winter's agonies,
The woodflowers lifted their sweet eyes,
In pink and snowy swarms;

How sloped the generous sun to burn
Toward these his children low;
How earth to him her cheek did turn
Till ravelled adder-tongue and fern
Beneath his loving glow;

And large the maple buildings grew,
And glad the sap did run;
While hazes filled the skyline blue,
And robins twittered branches through,
Song-drunken by the sun.

So full my heart the season filled
With brooding dreams of life,
It seemed the very world were stilled
In some glad trance that Nature willed
When waking thoughts were rife;

As if the spirits under sod
First wakened from their sleep,
And looking from their cells abroad,
Felt, in the heaven's face their God
Lean to us the skies' blue deep.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL in *N. Y. Independent.*

Cheating the Sea.

A swimming professor says in regard to sea bathers caught by the undertow that the bather should keep cool, lie as flat on his back as possible and wait for a wave. With the wave he should make a vigorous stroke for the shore and then lie still and level again until another wave will help him. In this way he can cheat the sea of a victim.

Noted People.

Mrs. James Codman has been Overseer of the Poor in Brookline, Massachusetts, for thirteen years.

James Fenimore Cooper's two daughters, who are now quite old ladies, reside in Coopers-town, in the midst of the scenes made famous by their father's pen.

The Countess Loredana da Porto Bonin lately received a gold medal at the International Photographic Exhibition in Liverpool for a dozen unusually excellent flash-light photographs.

At one of the recent drawing-rooms at Buckingham Palace the palm of beauty was conceded to Miss Cornwallis-West, whose mother was one of Mrs. Langtry's most formidable rivals fifteen years ago.

Miss Nellie E. Beck, for some time associate editor of the Tampa (Fla.) *Journal*, and well known through the South as a journalist of unusual ability, has been appointed a member of the Woman's Board of Managers of the World's air.

The famous old house where Peter the Great lived at Zaandam, near Amsterdam, is now being restored by order of the Czar, whose property it is. The entire house was lifted by means of cranes and a new foundation laid underneath it.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith of Brooklyn, who lately celebrated her 101st birthday surrounded by representatives of five generations of descendants, makes it her boast that she can still tell the style of a woman's gown at a distance without the aid of glasses.

The Pier family of Milwaukee is remarkable for its legal predilections. Mrs. Kate Pier is not only a lawyer, but also a court commissioner, her husband and one of her daughters are lawyers, and two other daughters are preparing to be admitted to the bar.

The Baroness von Teuffel, better known to Americans as Blanche Willis Howard, is reported to be singularly happy in her married life. Her husband is very proud of her literary gifts and encourages her in her work. They are at present living in Stuttgart.

Among the women's clubs in New Jersey are some that have named themselves "The Sparrows," because they live on the crumbs that fall from the big clubs' tables. In other words, they have the second reading of the papers from two or three large clubs in the State.

The step recently taken by the Crown Princess of Greece of uniting with the Greek church, has received the sanction of the Empress Frederick and Queen Victoria, the mother and grandmother of the Princess. They hold that she should belong to the church in which her children will be reared.

In France a fondness for cats is evidently not confined to old maids. Paul de Kock, Theophile Gautier, Francois Coppee and Baudelaire are among some of the celebrated men who cherish pet cats, while Taine has composed a sonnet in honor of the beautiful Angora puss who is Renan's feline favorite.

The wife of Meissonier, the great French artist, recently deceased, is said to be the biggest woman in Paris. The artist married her when in his seventy-eighth year. As he was small of stature and slight, the spectacle presented when the two promenaded on the boulevard is said to have been somewhat amusing.

The same salary is paid to the women and the men health inspectors in Chicago. There are five women—Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Doolittle, Dr. Hickey, Mrs. Glennon, and Mrs. Owens—and each receives $1,000 per annum. They were appointed at the request of the Women's Alliance, and possess police powers. The work of these inspectors is done chiefly in places where women and children are employed, and consists in enforcing sanitary regulations and discovering abuses.

Dr. Edith Pechy-Phipson has been elected to membership in the senate of the Bombay University, in recognition of her courage in publicly attacking the system of child-marriage in India. The lady has a record of which she may well be proud. She entered the Edinburgh University in 1857 and was one of the first women to take the medical course. She has for some time been in charge of the Cama Hospital for women and children in India, and was among the first movers for the establishment of the London Medical School for women.

The Chicago Woman's Alliance has prepared and submitted an address to the State Legislature, asking, among other things, that kindergartens be made a part of the public school system; that text-books be furnished free; that a State public school be established for the education of waifs, or else that public homes, from which such children can attend school, be provided; that the compulsory school term be extended to twenty-four weeks, and that the control of the women's departments in the penitentiaries and asylums for the blind and insane should at once be given to a board of women supervisors.

The most distinguished women in Rome attend the meetings of the Society for the Moral and Literary Instruction of Women. Queen Margaret is the honorary president of the society, and Teresa Manucci, sister of Count Angelo de Gubernates, is its active president, while Mme. Ristori is vice-president. Among other prominent members is the Countess Giglinucci, formerly Clara Novello, for whom Rossini wrote the *Stabat Mater*. The meetings of the society are held twice a week, and the most renowned Italian orators are engaged to deliver addresses on subjects relating to the education and advancement, moral and intellectual, of women.

The memory of Mrs. Emma Willard, the principal of the famous school for girls in Troy, New York, is to be honored by two beautiful monuments. One is a marble statue of Mrs. Willard; the other is the Gurley Memorial Hall, erected by two brothers to the memory of their only sister, who was one of Mrs. Willard's most devoted pupils. Both memorials will be in Troy, and there is talk of a third, to which all the educated women of America are to be asked to contribute. In connection with this, a reunion of Mrs. Willard's pupils is suggested in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. This memorial will probably take the form of an endowment scholarship.

Cannes.

CANNES is now practically an English town, and one might live some time there without discovering the contrary. It is undoubtedly the most English settlement on the Riviera. There is something about the quiet dignity and respectability pervading the atmosphere that suggests a town in England. It has charms that no other place on the Riviera has. It lacks the fast and often disagreeable element of Nice. It is free from the gambling fever of Monte Carlo. Besides this it is not a place like Mentone, where only the weakest invalids, as a rule, resort. But beside the vast number of English that visit Cannes, all the rest of Europe is represented here, and that the bluest blood of Europe. Titles are no rarity in Cannes. It is not hard to find the reason for this widespread popularity. Nature has treated this lovely spot as if it were an only child. The richest charms of sea and land are on every side. Like many towns on the Riviera, it is composed of two towns, the old and the new. The old is nestled away high on a hill, built so for the sake of defence in the troublous times gone by. The new town is generally a collection of hotels, villas and shops and is the creation of the stranger population. The modern Cannes is situated on a large bay of the same name. At the western end, crowning a high hill, stands the old town, rising in some places straight with the rocks which serve as foundations, the houses big, quaint and rambling. Stretching from here by the seaside facing away to the other end of the bay is the Promenade de la Croisette. It is a magnificent drive, for the roads here are prefection. On both sides are lofty palm trees, and on the northern side the grand hotels and villas with their tropical gardens. This is the fashionable place to walk and drive in the morning about 10 o'clock and the afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock. Here one sees the nobility of England rolling along in the perfect turnouts that shortly before graced Hyde Park. Great celebrities are constantly being pointed out by the knowing ones. Now it is a prima donna, again some great author or artist. As may be imagined, everything is in harmony with the occasion. The scene is a moving fashion plate of Worth or Redfern. The dapper little Frenchman now and then steals away from his beloved Nice, the Paris in miniature, to mingle with the dignity and the aristocratic element of a promenade on the Croisette. All types of English people are represented here. There is rich Mrs. Moody who has just tasted for the first time the delights of being in the swim in London and has come to the Riviera, because it is the right thing to do. Beside her is the stately aristocrat looking profoundly correct and unhappy. Dukes and earls whirl by, many of them looking miserable, because they are not the only titled members of the throng. The gay young *devotee* of the Burlington Arcade sometimes puts in an appearance, but not for long. He soon moves on to Nice. There is also the man to whom the fairest music is the rattle of the roulette at Monte Carlo. He does not wish people to think he spends all his time in the Casino, so he stays at Cannes and journeys by train to the place where hope never dies.

If we are in luck we may see Renshaw or some other star in the tennis world, who has come here solely for his favorite sport. The American girl is here in full force, nor does she long disguise the fact of her nationality. In the afternoon the center of attraction is Rumpelmayer's, the swagger place for tea and ices. It is a delightful little building, close beside the sea. All the world is there, but principally, of course, from the hotels. There is a babble of tongues, while each demands the favorite ice and beverage. Naturally the female element predominates here, but men are by no means a rarity.

Opposite Rumpelmayer's is the Cercle Nautique, the French club of Cannes. It has a very large membership of all nations. Parallel to the Croisette runs the rue d'Antibes, the principal street of the town. The most ardent shopper may be quite happy here. The hunter of antiquities can satisfy his heart among old armor, trinkets and spoons. The maiden who is collecting a trousseau can make additions worthy of the crack modistes of Paris.

Of course everything is expensive, but bargaining is a recognized thing, and half the price asked is sometimes not refused. Just before the rue d'Antibes reaches the old town is the Flower Market, one of the most delightful sights in Cannes. There is one long row of stalls where the more important women sell. The humbler ones have a row of chairs facing the stalls. The best time to see the flowers is in the early morning, when they are sweetest and freshest. On both sides they are piled in heaps. At this time the flowers are at their very best, but in February the variety is of course not so great. Violets, anemones and mimosa are then the staple flowers. But now the whole world of flowers is gay, and roses red and white, daisies, stocks, mignonette lilac, wisteria—all breathe their sweet perfume and tempt the passer-by. Let the lover of flowers beware of entering this enchanted space, or he will surely leave poorer than he came, especially if he is a well known figure here and has friends among the flower women. But the flowers are ridiculously cheap, though bargaining is very essential. Every day enormous quantities of flowers are sent by people all over Europe. There are special boxes for this, and arrangements made so that they are sent at low rates by post. There is a limited number of people who will patronize nothing but the florists, where they pay a shilling for what they could get in the market for about twopence. But then it is something to buy your flowers at the same place as the Prince of Wales. Taking one of the side streets nearly opposite the market and passing by the railway station we reach the Boulevard de la Fonciere, another grand drive extending to the northern limits of the town. Here stands one of the great hotels. Behind is the lonely village of Cannes on the hills, which begin here and recede, rising and falling, till they melt away in the snow-crowned Alps. The range of hills on which Cannes stands extends all round the city. They are terraced with stone walls to keep up the loose soil. The sides are covered with all kinds of fruit trees, the olive in its dull velvety green being the most prominent. Nestling at the bottom of these hills are the villas of the fortunate ones who never know the winter's discomfort, but bask the whole year round in summer's smiles. The great majority of the villas are English and are surrounded by grounds that by their perfection remind one of English homes. But here nature helps the gardener move. Plants and trees that grow in England only in conservatories, flourish here in their element. The slender, waving bamboos form a natural hedge, and immense pollo trees make a canopy against the sun's hot rays. Common flowers bloom here in unheard of shades; heliotrope, colored primroses, black flags, and pansies combining every color of the rainbow vie with each other, showing that man has triumphed over the subtle mysteries of nature and bids flowers take what shape or hue he will. What a charm life must have to one who is surrounded by such beauty. But when we think of the attractive surroundings of Cannes, and of the endless picnics to be made by land and water; one day to a quaint old village on the hill; another to the islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honorat; another to Grasse to see the perfumeries and candied fruits and at this time with a chance of seeing the Queen of England taking her daily drive, it makes us look with pardonable envy on the happy ones who, with all the comforts of home life, spend dreary winter in Nature's fairest summer.

A. A. MACDONALD.

A Ripple.

For Saturday Night.

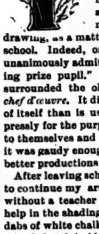
Swift ran a little brook along
Sparkling bright in the clear sunlight,
This the burden of its song—
"Oh, I feel so gay
As I run away
From all the other brooklets!
So happy and free,
Is there one like me
Among the other brooklets!"

Then dark grew the little brook's way,
And the bright sun could not get down,
To let the brook shine in its ray.
"Oh, I weep and I sigh,
So unhappy am I;
Away from the other brooklets,
But mirry I see,
Is there one like me
Among the other brooklets!"

Then out from the murky old town,
Thro' meadow and lea fly to the sea,
"I sparkle again in the sun,
Oh, I feel so gay
As I run away
From all the other brooklets.
So happy and free
Is there one like me
Among the other brooklets!"

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

Why I Gave Up Painting.



I HAD always been ambitious. It was perfectly natural. I had been brought up in the latter half of the nineteenth century. The only trouble was I couldn't for the life of me discover anything I had a special genius for, at least not for a long time. I learnt drawing, as a matter of course, at my boarding school. Indeed, on examination day it was unanimously admitted that I was the "drawing prize pupil." A magnificent gold frame surrounded the old wind-mill that was my *chef d'œuvre*. It didn't look any more ashamed of itself than is usual with frames made expressly for the purpose of attracting attention to themselves and away from the picture, and it was gaudy enough to throw into the shade better productions than mine.

After leaving school I made several attempts to continue my artistic studies in pencil; but without a teacher to correct my perspective, help in the shading, and put on the effective dabs of white chalk with which every boarding school sketch in black and white is completed, I soon dropped all attempts at the noble art. But though unused and neglected, what skill I had in this line was not forgotten. When the craze for house decoration reached our county, and every girl within ten miles of me was "making home pretty," I remembered I had had lessons, and forthwith bought a box of water colors and began to paint.

Naturally enthusiastic as I am, our house soon was fairly blooming with staring white daisies, opaque and stiff golden rod, and roses that grew wildly on pincushions, satin brackets, chair covers and footstools. I got great praise for my work. I made landscapes and framed them in silver and gold, and hung them on the parlor walls. Every one noticed them—they couldn't help it; they were not of the kind to hinder unseen. To be sure I sometimes thought that my trees and grass looked almost too green, but as some one said, "They made you think of the verdant spring," and anything that could suggest that pleasant time of the year would not be amiss. I also had one or two misgivings about a patch of grass that the drifting snow, in a winter scene, had left exposed to view. It was bright emerald. I asked a friendly critic what she thought about it and was consoled.

"It beats all, Eliza, how the frost could have left that grass so fresh, but any way there's nothing like a bit of green stuff in winter for cheering a person up. That's why I always have a pot of geraniums in my window."

So I continued painting. I felt I had reason to be elated. People could always tell at a glance whether I had drawn a tree, a house or a hill. I next turned my attention to animals.

Here I was pretty successful, too. I almost always got half of my animal right, but as I had been unobservant of the anatomy of quadrupeds, I confess I sometimes mixed up their feet and heads sadly.

Once I painted a donkey. It had the sweetest little head you ever saw, and no one could have possibly mistaken its ears for horns, they stood up so straight and donkey-like. I took a great deal of pride in the little fellow. He was standing alone in the middle of a handsome piece of blue silk, which I intended to make into a screen. While I was painting him we had lots of visitors, who saw me at work. They made plenty of jokes about the little beast, such as "Only a donkey would screen a fire in cold December weather," etc., but I was happy. I saw that at last I had drawn an animal that every one could recognize, and I finished his head before sketching the rest of him. The fact was I had never quite got over the effect of showing one of my early attempts to my uncle. I had rather "fancied" myself on that particular picture, a pond with seedy grasses and waterlilies growing on it and a bird as the center *piece de resistance*.

After staring at it for some time he pointed at the feathered creature and asked me what it was.

I told him.

Then after solemnly looking at it again he took his fountain pen out of his pocket and wrote upon its back:

THIS IS A DUCK.

I felt angry and didn't hesitate to let him know I was.

He said "I had no cause to be, that he didn't hurt the picture, and had only saved me the trouble of explaining it to anyone else." Which was quite true for I threw it into the fire.

I was young then or I wouldn't have been upset by such a carping critic, and, besides, who cares what relations say about you. But for a long time after this episode I felt nervous when I tried to paint live things, and generally confined my efforts to scenes of still life. No wonder, then, that that donkey's head encouraged me.

I left his body the last thing to be painted, and how I did work over those shoulders and hind legs. I put them in in light gray and dark, I washed the shadows in and sponged them out, but do what I would the only part of the creature that was donkey was the head; the rest of him was sheep, or cow or deer, I couldn't tell which. I saw it plainly myself but hoped the eccentricities of his limbs would not be noticed by others; but we lived in a farming community and endless were the gibes at my hybrid animal.

Some one said he "had heard of people being donkeys, but never before had a sensible cow been so slandered." I soon saw the only hope I had for that screen was to give it as a wedding present to some city-bred friends, or donate it to a church bazaar. My country friends would admire and tolerate my chinese white daisies and vivid landscapes, but they drew the line at my four-footed beasts. I could never tell why they made this distinction, unless indeed they imagined my pictures might in some way injure the reputation of their own stock. But then and there I gave up my intention of being a second Rosa Bonheur, and determined to avoid the brute creation and aquatic fowls. I thought I would try my hand at men and women. I was more familiar with them. For a long time I couldn't find any colored fruit that I cared to copy, but finally I unearthed a book of Nursery Rhymes, the illustrations of which were brilliant in yellows, reds and blues. After a good deal of careful consideration I determined to copy the time-honored:

Four-and-twenty blackbirds.

It had several merits. It was clear, had little or no background to confuse one, and although the subject was familiar as one's A B C it represented no every-day person. The king wore his crown and ermine robes and was seated in the palace state chair, which had evidently been removed to the parlor for the occasion and was resplendent in crimson velvet and gilding, and with the table was the only furniture in the room. The pie had been opened, the birds were all alive and in every attitude, hopping about, standing on one foot and two, lying down and flying, and a pert little fellow had audaciously perched on his majesty's royal shoulder. It was a very speaking picture, it could appeal to even a small child's imagination. I set to work on it with great will and made such rapid progress that I couldn't help feeling that I had at last found out my particular vein. It was evident that no common subject could inspire my brush or guide my hand to do its best work. When the last touch had been given to it, I took it in triumph to my mother. She took the painting in her hand and gazed at it with pride and affection.

"It's a beautiful thing, Eliza," she said. "Did you do it all by yourself?"

I nodded.

"The colors are beautiful, and how the king's crown does shine."

It ought to, I had used the best Japanese gilding.

"But, my dear, why did you put the poor king down to a pie which had been nibbled all over by those nasty rats?"

"Rats!" I shrieked. "What do you mean?"

"Those," she answered, pointing to my four-and-twenty black birds. "I suppose the king's castle had been besieged and it was the best they could give the poor man, but I'd sooner be without a crown than have to make up with a dinner like that. It's a wonder to me, Eliza, how you could bear all those painted rats when you are so afraid of live ones."

An icy feeling was creeping about me. Unwillingly I recalled to memory my duck, my half donkey, but to paint rats instead of black birds was too cruel. I looked up to see if my mother was teasing me. Her face was perfectly sober.

"Please look again," I implored. "You've made a mistake; those are not rats."

She saw, I suppose, disappointment and disgust on my part, and ever ready to oblige, did as I asked.

After peering at the paper before her she laid it down on her lap.

"Go and get me my spectacles; my old eyes are not to be trusted." She said this without the least trace of irony in her voice, and I obeyed her. She put them on, and I looked anxiously as she picked up the picture and stared at it through them. Presently I saw a light break on her countenance and my heart rebounded with hope.

"How stupid I was to be sure. Why, of course, I made a mistake, my dear. Now I look at them, they're as plain as plain. I suppose it is on account of their being so fat that I took them for rats. Anyone could see that you meant them for mice."

"Mice!!!"

It was too much for me.

I silently turned away.

In vain I told myself that it was absurd to expect birds that had been baked in a pie to look as "pert and chipper" as if they had just popped out of the maternal nest. Something convinced me that that could not satisfactorily account for their metamorphosis into rats or mice.

My career as a painter was over.

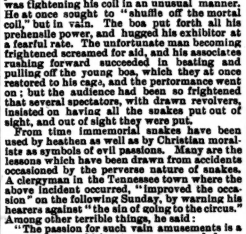
J. M. LOES.

Where to Stay in New York.

Canadians going to New York often find it difficult to select a hotel. It is a city of hotels, many of them immense, gorgeous, bewildering structures, yet none of them attractive or homelike to the Canadian traveler. What one misses is the friendly grasp of the hand, the kindly recognition at the desk, the knowledge of one's wants such as we find when we meet the Boniface of our own land. Aleck Craig, for so many years clerk at the Rossin House, a quiet yet cordial mannered and popular fellow, the friend of every traveler who made the Rossin his headquarters, now presides at the desk of Hotel Bartholdi, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third street and just opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The Bartholdi is in the very heart of the city. It is up town far enough and down town far enough. Twenty minutes by the surface cars which pass the door will land one at the postoffice; cross town cars connecting with the Erie Railway and all in-coming trains and steamers, pass at one side of the house and down town on the other side; the Fourth avenue cars are a half a block away, the elevated railroads are on each side, within a couple of blocks; a number of the theaters are below and a number above; the windows look out on Broadway or Madison Square Park. The house itself is a charming little home—by little I mean for New York, for it is eight or nine stories high and is larger than any hotel in Toronto—lacking the broad corridors of some of the more pretentious places, but provided with large rooms, and the quiet but most ample attendance indicates contact with the best class of guests,—those demanding instant and unquestioning service. The Bartholdi is most largely patronized by southerners and foreigners, and since Aleck Craig became a part of the *entourage* a half-a-dozen Canadian names can be found on the register almost every day. The prices are much more moderate and the rooms much more pleasant than in any other hotel patronized by Canadians. In the *cafe* the cooking is surpassed only by Delmonico and a few of the most expensive hotels, while the prices are low for New York. Within a very few minutes of the Bartholdi—which is under the same management as The Imperial, a much grander hotel further up town—will be the headquarters of Canadians in New York.

Precept and Example.

Deacon Pussley—Yes, my little friend, Satan has terrors only for the wicked. A good boy or man need have no fear of—



The Devil!!!—*Puck.*

Snakes as Moral Symbols.

An exhibitor of snakes, attached to a "side show" travelling in company with a circus in Tennessee, while expatiating on his reptiles one afternoon, five of which were hanging over his shoulders and sleepily coiling about him, suddenly became aware that one of them, a young boa constrictor, about eight feet long, was tightening his coil in an unusual manner. He at once sought to "shuffle off the mortal coil," but in vain. The boa put forth all his prehensile power, and hugged his exhibitor at a fearful rate. The unfortunate man becoming frightened screamed for aid, and his associates rushing forward succeeded in beating and pulling off the young boa, which they at once restored to his cage, and the performance went on; but the audience had been so frightened that several spectators, with drawn revolvers, insisted on having all the snakes put out of sight, and out of sight they were put.

From time immemorial snakes have been used by heathen as well as by Christian moralists as symbols of evil passions. Many of the lessons which have been drawn from accidents occasioned by the perverse nature of snakes. A clergyman in the Tennessee town where the above incident occurred, "improved the occasion" on the following Sunday, by warning his hearers against "the sin of going to the circus." Among other terrible things, he said:

"The passion for such vain amusements is a serpent vice, which, at some unguarded moment, will suddenly spring forth and coil itself around your souls and squeeze salvation out of them; or, perhaps, it will gape its yawning jaws, and crush and swallow up all your bright-est hopes on earth and in Heaven."

The preacher's rhetoric is not to be commended, but his "warnings" were undoubtedly well meant.

The Man in the Moon.

(9 P.M.)

He—Let's go to walk in the moonlight. It is an ideal night.

She—All right.

(9:15 P.M.)

He—Let's go into the summer house. The confounded moon does not shine there, at any rate.

She—All right.

Overloaded.

Boy—Say, Mister, shall I carry your satchel? Do it for a dime.

Dude—My satchel is not heavy.

Boy—Well, let me carry your cane, then.

Dr. Dobbs' Amputation Knives,

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL,

Author of "The First Violin," &c., &c.

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JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

It was the middle of June, and the London season was at its height. Amongst the most bright and fashionable of the London houses had been for several years that of Sir Theodore and Lady Trevor—a house which this particular season had, for reasons to be hereafter explained, not dealt out its hospitalities with quite so lavish a hand as of yore. In fact, there had been a rumor early in the season that perhaps the Trevors might not come up at all—a rumor which had caused much disappointment to a good many persons, particularly such persons as love dancing. Rumor had not been altogether correct. They did come to town, but it was not till later than usual—quite the middle of May—and, as already said, their entertaining was restricted on a scale, said the Trevors and their friends and society in general, of Sir Theodore's health not having recovered from the frightful shock to his nervous system, and the long and dangerous illness which six months ago had followed upon a daring and yet dastardly attempt upon his life, the authors of which had never yet been traced.

For Sir Theodore Trevor had the fortune or misfortune to be not only an English but an Irish landlord—one of the old Irish stock, well managed estates, liberal behavior, and careful attention to the needs of their tenants form a great stumbling block in the path of those who would fain do away with landlordism, aristocracy and property in general as things inherently vicious.

It was nearly noon on a brilliant June morning; breakfast had been over for some time, and the husband and wife were waiting for their horses to be brought round for their usual ride in the Row. He was a stately-looking, middle-aged man, with a dark, rather severe face, and grizzled hair. She was many years his junior—a beautiful woman, justly renowned for her powers as a social leader. She enjoyed that society in which she shone, but the passion of her heart was her husband, and next to him their two lovely little daughters.

They were looking over some letters and discussing them as they waited for the horses.

"Here they are!" said Lady Trevor, starting up as the door was opened and the butler came in. "The horses ready, Farrington?" she asked.

"No, my lady," replied the man coming forward and handing her a visiting card—"it's a lady and gentleman who wish to see Sir Theodore. They say their business is very important—that they know you don't know them, but they beg most urgently to see you."

Lady Trevor's face darkened, and a look of alarmed displeasure crossed it. Since the attempt on her husband's life she had suffered nervous terrors without number, and every stranger who wished to see her or her husband was an object of suspicion to her. As he was a busy and popular member of parliament as well as a man of wealth and high position, it may be imagined that Lady Trevor's fears were just now seldom suffered to slumber.

"Oh, what is it? Who can they be, Theodore?" she cried, with vexed impatience, going to him and showing him the card. It was inscribed: "Dr. and Mrs. Dobbs, Piercy Lodge, Bastonles." Now Bastonles was a large and important town in the Midlands.

"What can they want? Dr. and Mrs. Dobbs—who want to see Dr. and Mrs. Dobbs? Perfect strangers—at this hour! It is most intrusive and impertinent. I should send word that you are engaged beyond all possibility of seeing them."

"But, as it happens, I am not. I can very well spare them a few minutes. Where are they, Farrington?"

"In the little drawing-room, sir. Both the gentleman and lady look very 'armless," said Farrington, reassuringly, "and so fluttered and nervous, I think they are quite afraid of you, sir, but they are very urgent about it."

"They had better come in here," said Sir Theodore.

"Then," said his wife, with heroic resolution, "I remain with you. So do not ask me to go."

"My dear, I don't," said her husband, smiling.

"And, Farrington," she added, turning towards him, "do you wait in the ante-room before the little drawing-room, and if I ring, fly here without losing a moment. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lady."

In a very few minutes Farrington ushered in Dr. and Mrs. Dobbs, and having done this he closed the door behind him and departed, perhaps to the ante-room, perhaps not quite so far.

In spite of her nervous terrors Lady Trevor could not feel afraid when she beheld Dr. and Mrs. Dobbs. Honesty and innocence were written in every line of their figures and countenances—"country cousin" in every shred of their clothing. Their color was high from nervousness and solemn excitement; they were evidently very much more afraid of the fashionable lady and gentleman than the latter need be of them. These were assuredly no would-be assassins—neither agitators, Nihilists, Social Democrats, nor anything but a very old-fashioned, shy, and nervously excited country doctor and his wife. So much must have been patent to the meanest comprehension.

Sir Theodore rose, and courteously advanced to meet his visitors. Lady Trevor remained a little to one side, awaiting the development of events.

"You wished to see me?" said Sir Theodore. "Pray, be seated, and let me know in what way I can serve you."

"Most kind—very handsome indeed!" said Dr. Dobbs, a little stout man, with an honest, far from handsome countenance, and he fumbled ill at ease, with the brim of his hat. "We are complete strangers to you, and our visit, uninTroduced and unappointed, might well have been considered an intrusion; but not, I think, when you have heard its object. We did not even know your address," he went on, spasmodically, "till my wife—allow me to present Mrs. Dobbs—Sir Theodore Trevor, my dear, and—I presume I have the honor—Lady Trevor."

By this time Lady Trevor, endowed with a keen sense of fun, had lost all apprehensions, and was enchanted with the visitors. She bowed and smiled most graciously, came a little forward, and took a chair near the agitated Mrs. Dobbs, whose husband now proceeded:

"My wife takes in *The Queen, The Ladies' Newspaper*—[Lady Trevor repressed a smile]—and she read in the news of the Upper Ten Thousand that Sir Theodore and Lady Trevor had arrived in town from Ballywhishton, and had at once gone to their residence—here, you know. It gave the address."

"Or a note to the House of Commons would always have found me," said Sir Theodore, in his pleasant, deep voice. "But in any case, you have found me in, and—"

"Yes, I merely wished to explain," said Dr. Dobbs, "and now I will proceed to my business. I think you will agree with me that if the thing be a mere coincidence, it is one of the strangest that ever took place. The matter about which I called," continued Dr. Dobbs, growing ever more solemn in his excitement, "relates, Sir Theodore, to the dastardly attempt upon your life, of which we all read with such pain and horror about six months ago."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Trevor, sharply, "have you anything to tell us about that?"

"I have something to tell you," said Dr. Dobbs; "something which I have only learned within the last few days, and which will not let me rest day or night till I have told it to you. It is for you to judge whether you will make any use of my information. I wish to ease my mind of its present load of responsibility, and then to wash my hands of the whole matter."

"Tell said, Peter," said Mrs. Dobbs, nodding with portentous solemnity.

At this moment the door was burst open and the whole company sprang up, no excited were they, one half from the telling, the other half from the listening to the tale. A child of about eight rushed into the drawing-room:

"Papa and mamma, the horses are there. Be quick and let us see you start before mademoiselle takes us out."

"Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Dobbs with apparent irrelevance, "the same little girl—one of them, at any rate."

Hand upon the child's heels followed the butler, with the official announcement that the horses were waiting.

"They must go back," said his master. "I think we shall hardly ride this morning!" he added, looking at his wife.

"Certainly not. Send the horses back, Farrington; we are engaged. Run away, Evelyn," she added, to the little girl, "your father and I are busy and shall not go out this morning."

The child pouted a little but obeyed, looking at Mrs. Dobbs with a smile as she went out.

"I believe, sir, it was never discovered who your assailants were on that dreadful occasion," continued Dr. Dobbs, when they were again alone.

"No," said Sir Theodore. "They got clear away. Perhaps partly because I did not pursue the matter very keenly, or—"

"No, you never would pay any attention to me," said his wife, reproachfully. "They ought to have been tracked out and brought to justice, in the interests of humanity, as well as on account of this particular crime." She was agitated. She always became agitated in speaking or thinking of that dreadful event.

Her husband made no reply to her except a look, half reproachful again to Dr. Dobbs, and said, half-jestingly:

"They got off, as I say. Have you come to put me on their track?"

"That I don't know. You will decide that, as I said. I have come to tell my tale. To begin—your children a little younger than a governess called Somers, I think—Norah Somers—"

"They had," replied Sir Theodore.

Lady Trevor looked startled, and asked quickly, "What about her, pray?"

"We made her acquaintance, my wife and I, about three months ago, in the autumn, when she was in charge of your little girls and of Miss Somers. We have no children, though we are very fond of them, and we like young children and their society."

"Ah!" said Lady Trevor, looking compassionately at Mrs. Dobbs, while the doctor proceeded:

"And she invited Miss Somers to come and pay us a visit the next time she had a holiday. I must say, to speak truly, that I was not at much taken with the young lady my wife was. We even had one or two disputes about it; but I did not think that a visit from her could do us much harm, and—"

"What did you dislike in her?" asked Sir Theodore.

"It is rather difficult to say. I thought a good deal of her sweetness was put on; that she was really thinking of other things than her duties, and that sometimes she got irritated in trying to reconcile the two. I don't think she had a bad heart. But she was preoccupied, and once I heard her speak very sharply to one of the little girls, and threaten her with a punishment if she was not less troublesome."

"Yes, yes!" interposed Lady Trevor, with a heightened color.

"But what made me really suspicious about her was that one night, when I happened to be out walking quite late on the promenade—it was eleven o'clock or after—I was smoking my pipe, and enjoying the mild sea breeze, I almost ran into two figures who were pacing about, arm in arm, in the most confidential conversation. They were Miss Somers, who had said 'Good night' to us more than an hour ago, because she said she was so tired that she could sit up no longer, and a man called Wilbraham, a loose sort of fish, who had been giving lectures on Ireland, on Socialism and Democracy, and all kinds of wild nonsense, up and down the country, and at Ashton amongst other places. With him Miss Somers was walking."

The doctor paused. His auditors looked as much impressed as he could have desired, and he proceeded:

"Seeing that, when we had talked about this man and his lectures before, she had ex pressed the greatest horror of him and had told us that she had often heard him speak with hatred of Sir Theodore Trevor—amongst others—this did seem to me a very strange thing," continued Dr. Dobbs, "I am upright and honest, I say, and I was so surprised that I did what was perhaps indiscreet. I exclaimed:

"'Miss Somers!' She made no answer, but turned her face one way. Wilbraham said, rather roughly, 'You are mistaken. Be good enough to mind your own business, will you?' After that I said no more. We went back to the hotel. But I was not mistaken."

"Well?"

"Well, Miss Somers and her pupils left a little time before we did, but not before my wife had renewed her invitation, and Miss Somers had accepted it and promised to come as soon as she possibly could. Sure enough, quite late in the autumn, not very long before Christmas, she wrote to my wife, reminding her of what she called their friendship, told her that she had left the Trevors, as they had treated her in a disgraceful way—in the way in which only rich people could treat poor ones, whom they knew to be unable to retaliate."

"Abominable girl!" exclaimed Lady Trevor, indignantly.

"My dear," observed her husband, "we know that the girl was a false girl, and it was well we got rid of her. She was dismissed by Lady Trevor for exactly that which you once surprised her in," he added, turning to Dr. Dobbs, "because it was found that she had been neglecting and intimidating the children. We were very much shocked about it, for we had had excellent testimonials with her from her last situation. At the same time, I observed her often, and much more closely than she supposed I did, and I agree with Dr. Dobbs. I am quite sure she was under some outside bad influence—that something was preying on her mind; sometimes I thought she was being led partly against her will. I know nothing of that. But she neglected my daughters and behaved harshly to them, and of course was dismissed at once."

"Yes," Dr. Dobbs nodded. "Of course, she did not tell us that. She said that she had been working hard for ten years, ever since she was sixteen, and that now she meant to take a rest and a holiday. She thought she had earned them. She did not intend to seek a new situation. She reminded my wife of her invitation, as she felt that they were true friends, and she knew she should feel better and happier for being with her. My wife was delighted," continued Dr. Dobbs, with a smile. "I am afraid I was very unkind. I did not want Miss Somers in my house. I did not believe a word of her blarney, and I went so far as to say 'Bosh!'"

Mrs. Dobbs sighed deeply, shaking her head mournfully from side to side. The Trevors were half amused, half touched at the little by-play which went on between their visitors, who evidently felt this to be a great event in their lives. There was a moment's pause. Then Dr. Dobbs went on:

"You may suppose that that 'Bosh!' didn't help me much. It wasn't likely that it should. I got a proper scolding for my suspicionsness and uncharitableness—didn't I, my dear? And of course, by return of post, Miss Somers was told to come when she liked, and to stay for as long as she liked. I made the best of it. There was nothing else for it. I even went to the station to meet her, one miserable, raw afternoon, at the end of November—an afternoon which I shall never forget. It was so dark and cold, and a horrid sleet was blown about by a north-east wind. Vile it was," the doctor continued, with energy. "The train—the Irish mail, was late, and I waited and kicked my heels about till I was sick of the whole thing. I wanted to go home. At last the train came, appeared in the distance, and at the sight of it a group of young fellows who had been waiting nearly as long as I had, set up a kind of cheer and became very noisy and excited. I asked a porter whom I knew who and what they were. He told me they were from the Socialist Union, and that they had come to meet a certain Wilbraham who was to lecture on different subjects of that kind. I whistled to myself, not because of the Socialism or the lecturer, of course, but because of the coincidence."

His auditors murmured assent.

"The train was a long one, but, as it happened, when it stopped I was exactly opposite the carriage from which Miss Somers got out; or rather, from which she was handed out," Dr. Dobbs, with slow, impressive emphasis, "by Wilbraham, who took off his hat, wished her good afternoon and joined his friends. Almost the first words she said to me were how odious it had been to her to have to travel with that man all the way from Holyhead—the most disagreeable coincidence that had ever happened to her. I said very little about it, surprised though I was. I put her into a cab and drove to my house with her, where she received the kindest of welcomes from my wife, as you may be sure. Then I went away and walked to my club, and as I saw the newspaper covered with poetic to the effect that Wilbraham was to lecture on different subjects—capital and labor, trades unionism, democracy, and many other subjects—I, of the way I asked myself, 'Is it a mere accident, or is there something behind all this? How much does she know of him? How much has he gained over his influence?' I felt uncomfortable, I must say, but I was unwilling to make my wife unhappy by telling her that I had an ill-bred guest was an adventurer—and by speaking of suspicions to which I could hardly give a name. All I could do was to resolve to watch Miss Somers, and if I saw anything very fishy—I mean, suspicious—I was determined to speak to her of it, and not to my wife. But things all went on very smoothly for some time after she came to us. She appeared to be really fond of my wife, which did more to reconcile me to her than anything else. She was very pleasant, lady-like and agreeable in her manners, and was a very intelligent young woman too. By degrees I broke off my suspicions, and became convinced that she was undeserving of them. She often used to ask me questions about my profession. I remark that I am not now, and have not been for many years, in active practice. There are a few partial old friends who have the idea that they get more good from my treatment than from that of medical men—quite unfounded, quite; but gratifying. Miss Somers often told me that she would have liked to be a doctor; she liked nursing and she liked attending to wounds, and everything connected with surgery had an interest for her. When I looked at her in surprise, she laughed her little, gentle laugh, and said: 'Yes, and I have nerve enough for it, Dr. Dobbs, though I look so delicate. I am considering now whether I will not rather become a hospital nurse than a governess again.'

"Things went on quite pleasantly in this way until after Christmas, which she spent with us. She was rather sad at the time, and said she was almost alone in the world. She had no one to go to but her brother, and of him she did not speak much. I gathered that he was a bit of a ne'er-do-weel, or perhaps a good deal of one. She said it was so delightful to be in a house like ours—a house where everything was so cheerfully and good. It all sounded very well, and I'm sure there was some truth in it. How much she was playing the hypocrite, she was in making fools of us, I cannot decide—pretty well of each, I am sure. But of one thing I am certain, that she was happy. Only one thing occurred during all this time to rouse my suspicions, and that was that one evening I was coming home from my club, and passing a lamp post quite close to my own front door I met Wilbraham, and was more astonished than I can tell you to see him. His lectures had not succeeded at all, and I came under the impression that he had left the town long ago. He stared at me as we passed each other, and as he stared I thought to myself, 'where have I seen someone uncommonly like you?' It quite bothered me, this likeness to which could not give a name. But it was not meeting him that roused my suspicions—it was that running quickly up the steps and into our porch, I found the door being just opened to admit Miss Somers, who looked at me with very startled eyes, and then, in a moment, I saw where the likeness was. It was she whom Wilbraham resembled—or else she resembled him—anyhow, that was the likeness. I heard her almost in a dream as she said that she had been out alone for a constitutional after tea, my wife having a headache and wishing to keep quiet, whereas Miss Somers had felt the need of a breath of fresh air before dinner. I said jokingly, 'And have you been with your friend Wilbraham? I met him just at the gate.' 'Wilbraham!' she repeated, 'impossible. Did he not go away long ago?' 'It was either he or his ghost,' said I. 'I don't believe in ghosts,' she replied, and ran upstairs. I said no more about it. I fancy Wilbraham did go away soon after that. I was persuaded that our visitor knew him and was in some way mixed up with him, but I was not much surprised that she did not care to have it known, for he was far from a desirable character.

"The next thing that happened was just before the New Year. Mrs. Dobbs always has an At Home on New Year's Eve. It is the only thing in the shape of a large party that we give, because we are not rich. On this occasion it was more important to her than usual, as she was counting upon introducing Miss Somers to a good many of our friends whom she had not yet met. Everything was arranged. The invitations had been accepted, when, the day before the party was to come off, Miss Somers, after rowing a letter which was on her plate at breakfast, said, in great apparent distress, 'Mrs. Dobbs, this is most unfortunate. I shall have to leave you to-day.' My poor wife was aghast. The disappointment was very severe, and she could hardly speak, but at last she said, 'To-day—do you really mean to go to-day?' 'To-day, said Miss Somers, looking again at her letter. 'I wish I could explain. It is business—wretched, unfortunate business—connected with my brother. I have told you my brother is not all he ought to be. Tears stood in her eyes, the poor girl looked as if that was all that sort of thing you know. But she was dreadfully disappointed. And, to cut it short, it was settled in this way, that Miss Somers, poor, she said she had only to go as far as Chester, should set off that very morning and return the next day in time for the At Home. This settled matters beautifully. She said she would not mind the fatigue a bit, and would rather do anything than miss the party and disappoint my wife. So she went away by the Irish mail, which of course stops at Chester on its way to Holyhead, and, true to her promise, she turned up again the next day, also by the Irish mail—like a person from Holyhead—the very one she had arrived by when she had come to visit us. She told us that her errand had not been a pleasant one, even for an unpleasant business. She was pale, and had dark rings round her eyes, and said she had not slept at all well the night before which I could see for myself. Nevertheless she dressed, and did something to her face which made her look less tired (Lady Trevor sneezed, joined the company and made herself very agreeable all round. The evening was a very successful one. Of course Miss Somers was very tired. She went to bed the instant our visitors had gone, and did not come down to breakfast the next morning. She was going away that day to London, she said. She gave us to understand that unpleasantnesses were in store for her, and that her troublesome brother was going to be more troublesome than before. My wife took her breakfast upstairs to her, and with it the news that was in all the papers that morning, and that should have been known to her at breakfast—the news of the attempt upon your life, sir," said Dr. Dobbs, addressing Sir Theodore—"the frightful news that you had been set upon by a couple of villains who were suspected to be the agents of some society against whose proceedings you had spoken not long before. It was very frightful, we felt, but that one at least of their weapons was found, in the shape of an amputation knife dropped when they had run away—was it not so?"

Sir Theodore nodded. The doctor continued: "Do you happen to know what became of that knife, Sir Theodore? Is it possible for anyone to get a sight of it?"

Before her husband could reply, Lady Trevor, with a very pale face, had risen, and with a smile which hung on her water chain, unlocked a drawer in a secretaire, pushed back some slides and springs, and took something out which she brought to Dr. Dobbs. Her cheeks were set, her lips had gone white; she whispered rather than spoke, "Have you seen it before?"

The doctor took the knife in his hand, and amidst a profound silence, examined it all over, touched the edge, looked at the back of it, and at last, returning it to Lady Trevor, said, in a voice as low as her own:

"Madam, I have."

She rose slightly, put it back in its keeping place, and sat down again, very near the doctor, facing him, and fixing him with her eyes.

"My wife told Miss Somers of this dreadful occurrence, and she was naturally horrified, which did not surprise us, for she had been in your service, Sir Theodore, and had not had quarrelled with you, it was none the less dreadful to hear of such a thing in connection with people whom she knew so well. She was dressing her hair when my wife told her, and Mrs. Dobbs said she suddenly sat down, very pale, exclaiming 'Oh, Mrs. Dobbs, what a frightful story!' This quite unnerved me. My wife fully understood this, sympathized with her and petted her, and begged her to give up the idea of leaving us that day, to take at any rate another night's rest before beginning to travel again. She would not hear of anything of the kind, said she was expected in London, and must absolutely go there. She promised to write, but said she could give us no address as she was not sure where she would be staying in London. She left us that morning. For some time she did not write as she had promised, but after more than three months my wife had a letter from her dated from Liverpool, in which she said my wife was not to judge her harshly for not having written before, that she had wished to do so many a time, but had not had the courage. That she was a very unhappy girl, her circumstances were miserable, not so much on account of poverty as because of a couple of things she could not explain. She wished Mrs. Dobbs to know that she had always appreciated her kindness, and never forgot it, that she would recur to her mind many a time when she was far away; she was now on the eve of starting for America, where, in an unhappy future, from which she could not make up her mind to forsake, little thought she approved of his conduct in any way. She gave no address. That was the last we heard of her directly. It was a day or two later that I read in a newspaper that Mr. H. Somers Wilbraham, lecturer, agitator, etcetera, not finding his views appreciated in England, had embarked for America, where he intended to reside for the future and devote his time to the propagation of his peculiar religious, political and social doctrines. He was accompanied by his sister. The instant I read it I thought, 'Norah Somers—H. Somers Wilbraham'—and the likeness between them flashed into my mind and was explained in a moment. I felt we had been duped, and that we had had to do with an adventuress—whether one who pursued her calling because she liked it or because she was forced into it. I tried to think as little as possible about it, and indeed we were not much inclined to talk about it. Last week, however, something happened which brought up the whole thing again, which would not let me

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rest till I told you this story, and which made me ask you, Lady Trevor, to see that amputation knife."

"And that was——," asked Lady Trevor.

"Just this. I was ready one morning to set out into the country for a day's angling, and was in my study collecting a few things I wanted, when one of my servants came in with a note, saying a boy had brought it and was waiting for an answer. It was from Dr. Perkins, a colleague and friend of mine, and this is what he said."

The doctor took a sheet of paper from his pocket-book, and read:

"'DEAR DOBBS,—I write from the hospital in haste. Will you send me down your amputation knives? A case is just in which must be attended to at once, and I lent mine last week to that duffer Jones, who is out of town, and has not returned them.—Yours ever, FRED PERKINS.'

"Of course, I was glad to oblige my friend Perkins. I went straight to the table on which, along with other things, lay the case with my amputation knives. It had been there ever since I had given up active practice. I opened it, as a matter of form, just to see that they were in order, even put out my hand to take one up, and beheld—an empty case. The knives were gone, as utterly as if they had never been there."

Again the doctor became silent, wiping his brow, moist from the excitement and fatigue of his unprecedentedly long discourse. His hearers drew a long, deep sigh, and looked intently at him, but spoke not. Presently he resumed:

"At first all I felt was blank astonishment at seeing the empty hollows where the knives used to rest. Then, of course, I began to wonder who could have taken them. I did not suspect our own servants. It was too unlikely that girls who had been with us for years, both of whom, and their families, we know thoroughly, should have done such an aimless piece of mischief. Then who was the culprit? When had I last seen the knives? I remembered it all in a moment. The last time I had seen them was six months ago, when Miss Somers was visiting us, one morning when we had been talking about my profession and the perfection to which surgical instruments had been brought. I showed her the knives, and she said 'Ugh! what murderous-looking things!' I must say I turned sick as I thought of it. Then I remembered one thing after another—her mysterious journey to Chester (she said) and back, and her determination to leave us on the following day; the news of the attack upon you, with amputation knives; her long silence, her departure from the country with her brother—God only knows if he is her brother or not—I am convinced that the man she went with is Wilbraham. She was in some way connected with him; she was under his influence, and in communication with him, whether she was his sister, his cousin, his sweetheart, or his wife. It is a very queer affair altogether. The only thing for me to do was to come and tell you. I have done so, and now my mind is at rest."

There was a pause. At last Sir Theodore said, "Wilbraham was never accused of having a hand in the business."

"Dear Theodore, no one was accused, because no one was caught. No clue was ever obtained as to who perpetrated that outrage. But you know that down in your heart you are aware that Wilbraham hated you. This is a clue—a very strong clue, which Dr. Dobbs brings us."

"The evidence is entirely circumstantial," said the doctor, "in fact, one might say inferential. Much investigation would be needed before anything could be proved, for or against. Still, as Lady Trevor says, it is a clue."

Again a silence, while everyone looked with a different expression at Sir Theodore. He and he alone could decide. His wife's look besought him to pursue the thing to the bitter end. Mrs. Dobbs' expression was terrified and nervous. Despite this damning story, the girl Norah Somers had been, and still was dear to her. She was on the verge of hysterical tears. Her husband tried to maintain an expression of impartial calm and dignity, but succeeded only in glaring frightfully at Sir Theodore.

It was many minutes before the arbiter of the case spoke. At last, lifting his eyes from the ground, he looked at the company one and all and said, gravely, gently and slowly:

"As Dr. Dobbs says, the evidence of the best is circumstantial, whatever conclusions we may draw from it. As my wife says, it is a clue—undoubtedly it is a clue. And I say, it is a clue which I shall not follow. Let it drop! I am afraid of nothing but a bad conscience, and I am thankful to say that mine does not trouble me in respect of either Wilbraham or of this unhappy girl who, I quite agree with Dr. Dobbs, was closely bound up with him in some way. If she, under pressure from some outside source, took your amputation knives and journeyed to Dublin with them to deliver them to some one who was to use them against my life, all I can say is God help her! She was unhappy when she was with us. She has evidently been very unhappy since. Possibly she is very unhappy now. If she is in Wilbraham's hands at all, either as sister, wife or mistress, she is in bad and in remorseless hands. If I could save her from him I would. Most assuredly I shall not pursue her to her punishment. So far as I am concerned let her go her way with what peace she may. I think, Dr. Dobbs, you will agree with me that this is a matter which need never be alluded to beyond our four selves, unless some most unexpected circumstance should render it necessary for one of us to speak."

"Fully, fully do I agree with you," exclaimed the doctor, growing purple with excitement, as he seized Sir Theodore's hand and wrung it. "How I hoped you would decide thus—yet I felt I could not blame you had you decided quite otherwise. Why, what in God's name must you be crying and going on in that way for? What a goose you are!"

For Mrs. Dobbs had indeed quite given way, and was sobbing aloud behind her handkerchief.

Lady Trevor alone did not express any exuberant delight in the decision arrived at, but she looked at her husband with a certain spark of exultant pride in her eyes which said more than volumes of words. She was not the woman to speak out her thoughts before strangers. But she rose slowly, and going to the writing table, once again took out the knife, and bringing it to Dr. Dobbs, said gravely, "You had better take it away. After what my husband says, I have no more use for it."

This was one of Dr. Dobbs' amputation knives restored to him. How and when he heard of the second one, and by what means it came into his possession, it is not the object of this narrative to relate.

THE END.

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Young Man—I have a poem here.

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At first, when she came out of her house, she walked quickly, with flushed cheeks and eyes sparkling with an unaccustomed light. A slight breathlessness made her delicate chest pant a little; and her pale lips, which the distress of an aneurism kept habitually compressed, murmured strange, interrupted words.

"Will this story take?" she muttered. "I have put into it so much soul, so much passion! I entered it as I wrote, I remember; and when I came to the place where Lea dies in her grandmother's arms, the sobs choked my throat as if it had been a question of a real fact! But"—and the girl's step became slower—"but will it please him? They say he is so stiff, so severe in the way of art! There, why should it not please him? The professor has read it and is delighted with it. . . . A professor as strict as he is! Oh, if they would take it, if they would print it in the newspaper! If"—the cheeks of the young girl flamed—"if they would pay me well! How much? Fifty lire? That would be too much. Let us say forty, or thirty. . . . Poor mamma! Obliged to go out with nothing over her dress-waist in this cold weather! I wouldn't even take home the money. . . . I would go at once to Forti's, in the Piazza della Signoria, to buy a new-market ready-made. There are some cloaks for twenty-five lire! Imagine mamma in it!"

The young girl smiled with a knowing air. But she soon became anxious again. She had arrived.

She must enter without loss of time, for at eleven o'clock the lesson in Italian literature began at the high school of the Majistero, and woe to whoever was absent!

The great door, with its handsome plates of shining metal, was open as if it expected her.

Over the top was the famous sign at which she had so many times looked with infinite longing:

EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE CREPUSCOLO.

She entered, mounting the stairs slowly and looking doubtfully ahead. What should she say when she went in? In the first room, the professor had told her, were the editors, all men, all young! And in a little separate parlor, he, the chief editor, the handsome man with the short auburn beard, the mocking smile, that she had looked at so many times furtively, through the window-blinds. She must take courage, turn the door handle with a firm hand, and enter. Enter! Her mother's manners, as became an honest girl, but frank and natural. Then, after all, she was not going into those rooms from a bad motive, from vanity or coquetry! She was going to sell her work, to give a proof of her love for her dear little old woman. . . . Oh, for shame! She had been capable of hesitating, for one instant! She could think so much of herself, of her sensitiveness of a timid child! She turned the door-handle and entered with a firm step, saying: "Good morning." At first, near-sighted as she was and blinded by the smoke of the cigarette, she only perceived, at the end of the room, a large table with several men seated around it writing.

They all raised their heads, and one of them, a very young man with large, weary eyes, went attentively forward to meet her.

"The chief editor!" asked Annina, with a thread of voice.

The editorial staff began to write again, dissimulating an equivocal smile, fortunately unnoticed by the girl.

"He will be here in a moment," replied the young man. "If you will wait for him."

And as Annina looked around her, frightened, he added hurriedly, preceding her:

"Come into the chief editor's room, it will not be so cold there." And he opened the door of a little parlor, richly furnished, where the fire-place was crackling a beautiful, lively flame.

The young man made a low bow, then returned to his task of cleaning up the correspondence, saying to himself:

"Where the devil have I seen that little face and those pleading eyes?"

No one permitted himself the slightest comment in regard to the morning visitor. They had seen others, very unlike her.

. . . . . .

The young girl, meanwhile—whose breath had constantly grown shorter—looked around her with nervous admiration. She was warm one felt in that beautiful little room with a carpet on the floor and heavy plush curtains at the window! And the luxury that all those furnishings, all those expensive trifles, one could earn them by work with the pen, inventing beautiful romances, writing poems, making critical articles upon fine books, foreign and Italian. Oh, if she could succeed in all that! Then mamma . . .

The door opened softly, and Anderni, with a glass in his left eye, entered with a free movement, placing on the writing table a great packet of letters and newspapers.

"In what can I be of use to you?" he then asked of the young girl, who had risen precipitately at his entrance. "Possibly she

"I came," she said, trembling and growing still paler, "I came . . . by the advice of my teacher of Italian literature . . . Chevalier Vallani . . . I have written a story that might, if you think best, find a place in your . . . beautiful newspaper . . . in the appendix, of course . . ."

Anderni was not bad-hearted, but that morning he felt ill-disposed and irritated. His uncle had refused him the two thousand lire which he absolutely could not do without, considering the severe necessity of his trip to Berlin.

The girl who stood before him was rather plain, pale as a ghost and badly clothed; no doubt she belonged to the inhuman phalanx of women who write romances. Auf! All her hopes must be crushed at once and with a blow.

"I am sorry," he answered slowly, tearing open nervously the envelopes of the letters and the wrappers of the newspapers. "I am sorry, my dear young lady, but the *Crepuscolo* has pigeon-holes full of stories which perhaps it will never publish. Your—excuse me, what is it about? How is it entitled?"

The young girl felt her throat compressed as it by a hand of iron, and blamed a hundred times over the hour and the moment in which the idea had come to her of presenting herself to that discourteous man; yet, since now there was no turning back:

"It is a moral story," she stammered, "a story where it is shown . . ."

"That virtue is its own reward!" asked the journalist, laughing, while he began to make notes in regard to the letters which he was arranging in an elegant letter-file. "The theme could not be more amusing. And the title, please?"

"The Last Love," murmured the unhappy girl, in a spent voice. "Believe, signor, that I have written it with soul . . . with feeling. There are none of the usual descriptions of things . . . not honest . . . as are too much the fashion nowadays . . . But you will see that in my story there is truth from the first to the last page, and . . ."

"I am perfectly convinced of what you tell me, dear young lady," said Anderni absentmindedly, without noticing the visible physical sufferings that changed her pure little face. "But, you see, yours is just the sort of story that does not suit a newspaper . . ."

"Then you take away every hope from me!" said the girl, swaying, placing instinctively her hand upon her heart.

"For Pity's sake, don't talk in that sentimental way! We will see if some other time . . . These young ladies! All with the mania to write, while so many hands are needed in trades . . . in woman's work! . . . Moreover——" He could not continue. The young girl stretched her arms toward him as if in search of aid, stammered one word—only one—the first that we learn as babies: Mamma! And turning quickly, she fell stiff upon the same divan where, a few minutes before, she had dreamed of comfort for her poor old woman.

Anderni gave a stifled cry and rushed to her. The poor girl breathed no more; her eyes were wide open, glazed, and her lips contracted.

"Quick!" he shouted, opening the door. "Quick, a physician!" All the staff hastened into the little sanctum, and the young man with the weary eyes ran to the girl, raising her poor lifeless head upon his shoulder.

"She is dead," said Adolph Levie, after having felt her pulse. "At any rate, I will run for the doctor."

"She is dead! she is dead!" they all exclaimed, shaking their heads. Only the young man with the tired eyes did not speak, but busied himself with composing decently the dress and damp hair of Annina.

"Come!" cried Anderni, turning to Fabio Leoni, the reporter of the *Crepuscolo*. "Don't stand there spellbound before the girl. Take this manuscript and send it to the composing-room. It would be better that you should take it there yourself. Have it set up at once, with a paragraph about it. Tell the facts briefly . . .

And as Fabio Leoni remained dazed, looking at the girl:

"Look here!" cried the chief editor, agitated, convulsed. "This girl has brought me a work of hers, The Last Love, and has died while handing it to me. Do you take in the importance of this fact? It is a solemn, mysterious thing. We must get out a double edition of the paper. You can announce the story at once as a refined, honest thing, destined to interest our fair readers . . . but make haste—the deuce! Ah, here is the physician! Doctor! . . . . . .

All gathered again around the corpse, and the word aneurism passed from one mouth to another.

"It is necessary to inform the coroner and the *Misericordia* at once," said the doctor, beginning to write.

All returned, more or less affected, into the editorial room to prepare the number which was to come out at noon. Only the weary-eyed young man stayed, unobserved, to contemplate the dead girl. Oh! at last he recollected. The little wan face that we saw before him resembled that of his only sister, dead of consumption a year before, when he had gone on to the *Crepuscolo* at fifty lire a month.

. . . . . .

The brethren of the *Misericordia* came, in midst of a crowd of idlers who wished to learn what the facts were. But no one knew, not even a poor little old woman in Via Panica, who had heard the three strokes of the bell of the charitable company, and had caressed herself with devotion, praying for the peace of whoever, at that moment, was dying, perhaps alone, on the street, unkissed.—*From the Italian of Ida Baccini.*

A Petertown Proposal.

Miss Susie Tansy—Do you know what time it is, Hank Stoner?

Hank Stoner—No, nor I don't care.

"Oh, you don't? Well, it's time all good little boys were at home and in bed."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, I do, Smarty; and you'd better be going."

"I'll go when I git ready."

"Sass box."

"Say, Susie."

"Say it yourself, while your mouth's open."

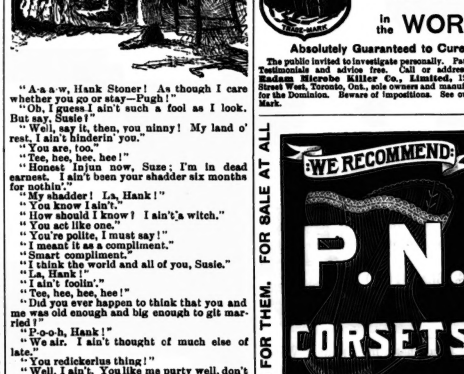
"Pshaw now, Suse; I'm in earnest."

"Well, what am I doing?"

"You know what; you know I been going with you a long time, Suse."

"Fugh! what if you have? Guess I never asked you to go with me, and—eleven o'clock! you going to stay here all night?"

"Pshaw, Sue! you're tickled enough to have me stay, and you know it!"



"A-a-a-w, Hank Stoner! As though I care whether you go or stay—Fugh!"

"Oh, I guess I ain't such a fool as I look. But say, Susie?"

"Well, say it, then, you ninny! My land o' rest, I ain't hinderin' you."

"You are, too."

"Tee, hee, hee, hee!"

"Honest Injun now, Suze; I'm in dead earnest. I ain't been your shadder six months for nothin'."

"My shadder! La, Hank!"

"You know I ain't."

"How should I know? I ain't a witch."

"You act like one."

"You're polite, I must say!"

"I meant it as a compliment."

"Smart compliment."

"I think the world and all of you, Susie."

"La, Hank!"

"I ain't foolin'."

"Tee, hee, hee, hee!"

"Did you ever happen to think that you and me was old enough and big enough to git married?"

"Who said we were going to get married? It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Smarty."

"But you will, won't you, Susie?"

"I'll think about it."

"Pshaw, Susie; why can't you say 'yes' right out?"

"Oh, you're too anxious, and—let go my hand!"

"I sha'n't do it, and you can't make me, either."

"You mean thing! I've a notion to—the idea of putting your arm around my waist like that and—now, you dare to kiss me again! What if pa or ma should come in?"

"Pooh! They're in bed where they ought to be!"

"Nice way to talk about my pa and ma. It's a good thing for you they are in bed!"

"Yes, I think so myself. I'd rather have 'em there than here."

"Tee, hee, hee! you mean thing!"

"Come, now, Susie, say yes. I love you like all possessed!"

"Aw, Hank! Take your mouth away from my cheek—g way!"

"I won't do it, unless you say 'yes' first."

"Well—if I must—yes."

"Hooray!"

"Shut up! Good heavens! You want to raise the dead!"

"I'm so happy, Sue!"

"Well, don't go crazy if you are—goose!"

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Bearding the Lion.

Maude Duffy—Frolsart MacGonigal, you may have blue, yer blood in your veins nor Terence Shea has, but you air not his equal by no manner o' means! He may be poor, but he is no eyesore who would sell his birthright for a mess of sausage!

Paralyzing the Clerk.

She (handing in a telegram)—How dare you read it, sir? It is strictly private!

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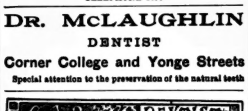

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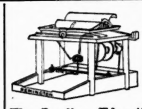

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REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street TORONTO — 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

ARTISTIC HOMES

BORDEN STREET—A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. $4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $5,500; easy terms.

HEWARD AVENUE — SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, newly papered, etc., 8 rooms. $2 500; no reasonable offer refused.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED solid brick, semi-detached house, thoroughly comfortable well proportioned rooms, all in first-class order, comprising 12 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep lot, nicely sodded; fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's rooms. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,000.

MADISON AVENUE—FIRST CLASS, HIGHLY FINISHED, solid brick, detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc. $11,500.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free to any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING
18 Victoria Street

WE ARE DETERMINED

To reduce our heavy stock, and are prepared to lose several thousand dollars in order to accomplish it.

On Monday, June 22

we commence the greatest sale ever known in the history of the Dry Goods trade of Toronto.

$200,000.00 WORTH

of new and seasonable goods to be sacrificed. Read a few of the startling bargains:

7 CENTS per yard will purchase a Black Lace Grenadine, really good value, at 12c.,	6 CENTS per yard will purchase fine printed Challie, warranted fast colors, and worth 10c.	12½ CENTS per yard will purchase a fine pure wool Black Nun's Veiling, worth 18c.
25 CENTS per yard will purchase a wide Black Cashmere, regularly sold at 40c.	25 CENTS per yard will purchase a fine All-wool Brown Cashmere, extra wide, and worth 50c.	10 CENTS per yard will purchase fine All-wool French Debeiges goods, regularly sold at 20c., 25c. and 30c.
10 CENTS per yard will purchase beautiful large Check Costume Tweeds. The regular price was 20c.	15 CENTS per yard will purchase a heavy Navy Blue Boating Serge, really worth 25c.	30 CENTS per yard will purchase a heavy double width Navy Boating Serge, good value, at 45c.
25 CENTS for a beautiful All-wool Navy French Serge. The regular price was 40c.	25 CENTS per yard will purchase a beautiful pure silk figured Pongee. The regular price was 50c.	39 CENTS per yard will purchase in a variety of shades pure silk dress Merveilleux, the regular price of which was 75c.

And so on. Every department is crowded with bargains. Our great four-page circular now being distributed is well worth your careful attention. When you see it read every item.

THE BON MARCHE, - - 7 and 9 King Street East

TO CAMPING PARTIES

We have on hand a full and specially selected stock of camping and picnic supplies, including Fine Wines, Liquors and aerated waters, put up in assorted cases to suit, and shipped to all resorts. We will pay shipping charges on all orders of $10 and upwards. Try our celebrated blende of whiskey—easy to take—and with all the nutritive qualities required by invalids.

Orders by mail, wire or telephone promptly attended to.

F. P. BRAZILL & CO.

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TELEPHONE 578 — TORONTO

N. B.---Try a case (12 bottles) of our Choice Claret, from $3.75 per case and upwards, cheapest in the market. "Aged whiskies our specialty."

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Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers
French Leathers
Lignomur
Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES

AND IMPORTED

GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES
ROOM MOULDINGS

4 King Street West

MISS HOLLAND

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morison & Co.

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OF
MUSICAL
= ART =
MANUFACTURE
IS THE

MASON & RISCH PIANO

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OF

$35,000 GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Is the topic of conversation. Special drives in

Underwear, White and Cambric Shirts

TO-DAY, SATURDAY

165 YONGE STREET 165

WE HAVE SOLD THE

Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

FOR

FIVE YEARS

AND

Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

SPECIAL SALE

OF

WALL PAPERS

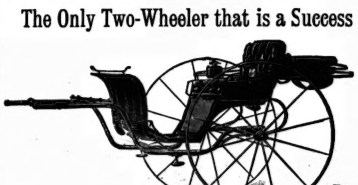
WE have purchased a large line of Fine Wall Papers at special prices, and shall offer them after Tuesday, May 26, at a great reduction. These are not dry goods store papers, but the highest qualities of the best makers. We will sell embossed golds at 25c, per roll, usually sold at 40c.; fine embossed golds at 75c., usually sold $1.00; wide friezes, embossed gold, at 15c. and 20c., &c.

ELLIOTT & SON

94 and 96 Bay Street — Toronto

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



BODY AND SPRINGS HAVE No Connection WITH SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

kerchief boxes; Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, claret jug; Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Blackstock, pair of silver candelabra; Mr. and Mrs. G. Goodeham, case of fish knives and forks; Dr. and Mrs. Riverson, Doulton bowl; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Todd, silver sugar tongs, spoon and sifter; Mr. Herbert Collier, silver sugar tray and tongs; Col. G. and Mrs. Denison, china flower jug; Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, Doulton jug; Mr. and Miss Michie, long eau de cologne bottle; Mr. Oliver Howland, gold bracelet; Mr. and Mrs. Myles, silver scent bottle, soap box and powder box; Mr. Auguste Bolte, silver pincushion; Mr. George Evans, carriage clock; Capt. McGee, silver framed clock; Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Cosby, china tea set in case; the Misses Dupont, oxydized candlesticks; Mr. Oaster (gardener), silver butter knife; Mrs. Dillon, silver jardiniere; Miss Dillon, silver pincushion; Mrs. Bonner, silver twine box; Mrs. Crookes, silver jardiniere; Mr. and Mrs. G. Tate Blackstock, portrait of Sir John A. Macdonald; Mr. Drayton, vase; Canon Dumoulin, family bible; Mrs. Alexander Manning, case of silver teaspoons; Mrs. Cameron, silver gilt sugar bowl and tongs; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mills, silver toilet set; Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, bronze lamp; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Doulton jar; Dr. A. B. Osborne, Japanese rose jar.

•

I looked in for half an hour at the Argonaut At Home last Saturday and found a goodly assembly of very well entertained fashionables. The day was perfect, the gentlemen were princes of hospitality, and the ladies smiling and happy in their pretty summer gowns. The Abeona plied back and forth after the races with an enthusiastic party of ladies and gentlemen, and the bay was alive with boats big and little. I fell in love with a white serge costume which seemed the most appropriate as well as the most becoming of all the sweet dresses the ladies are good enough to don in honor of our aquatic athletes.

•

Miss Mabel Lee of 306 Jarvis street has gone to Winnipeg to spent the summer. I am sure her many Toronto friends will miss her.

•

Miss Emma Lee of Queen street east is off to Winnipeg for the summer.

•

Mrs. Heward's At Home on Wednesday, June 17, notwithstanding the dull weather, passed off most successfully, and a great many were present to welcome Mrs. Williams on her return from England.

•

Mrs. Edgar of 113 Bloor street west is giving an afternoon tea to-day.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pellatt summer at their charming new residence on the East Shore.

•

Dr. and Mrs. Sheard and family are at the Island.

•

Wedding bells will soon ring for the rector of St. Matthews.

•

Mr. T. E. Moberly of the *Week* will be married on Thursday next to Miss Hooper, niece of Captain Hooper of Maple avenue, Rosedale.

•

Miss Annie Ferguson is at present visiting her sister, Mrs. Murphy, Holy Trinity rectory, Chatham.

•

The following are registered at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P. Q: Mr. and Mrs. Meagher, Mr. Charles Garth, Mr. J. Fry Davies, Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson, Mr. W. O. Young, Mr. T. W. Ness, Mr. W. H. Chapman, Mrs. P. M. Christie, Mr. W. E. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Smith, Miss Smith, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. L. Chouillon, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland, Miss Abbott, Miss H. Abbott, Mr. J. H. Abbott, Mr. C. Meredith, Mr. L. Campbell, M. D., of Montreal.

•

On Monday the 15th the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club gave their annual At Home. Tennis and afternoon tea were the order of the day. The weather was all that could be desired and the club's beautiful lawns were in first-class condition. Among a few of those present were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ridout, Mrs. Willie Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Clummer, Miss Beardmore, Miss Helen Beardmore, Miss Crooks, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Todd, Miss May Todd, the Misses Yarker, Miss Small, Mrs. Bromley-Davenport, Mrs. Arthur Grassat, Dr. and Mrs. Grassat, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier, Messrs. Allan, Cassels, Kirkpatrick, Small, McMahon, Macklem, Ridout, Sir H. Cameron of Rhode Island, New York, &c.

•

Mr. W. D. Grand sailed on the steamer Bothnia, Wednesday, June 10, to be absent in England a couple of months.

•

The residence of Dr. A. H. Newman of Yorkville avenue will be well filled during the educational convention, as Mrs. Newman will return from Muskoka to entertain twelve of the visitors in her spacious home.

•

Tuesday morning a cricket match was played between the East End and West End Ladies' Cricket clubs, resulting in a victory for the East End by twenty-nine runs. Miss H. Cassels made the score—twenty-four. The Misses Scott did some capital fielding, and two duck eggs were contributed by the Misses Tootie Heward and Katie Crawford.

J. PICOT, PARIS, SOLE PROPRIETOR.

LESSIVE PHENIX

For all purpsoes for which Soap is used

CHEAPER

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EASIER

than any known article for Washing & Cleaning.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere.

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For Headache & Neuralgia

MENTHOL Bingham's COLOGNE

100 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

THURSTON—At Melbourne, Fla., on May 31, Mrs. M. D. Wheeler Thurston—a son.

KIMMERLY—At Toronto, on June 9, Mrs. P. G. Kimmerly—a daughter.

DELAMERE—At Toronto, on June 10, Mrs. T. D. Delamere—a son.

KNOWLTS—At Toronto, on June 13, Mrs. Fleetwood Knowlys—a son.

FRENCH—At Mimico, on June 2, Mrs. H. E. French—a daughter.

CARVETH—At Toronto, on June 7, Mrs. J. A. Carveth—a daughter.

McKAY—At Toronto, on May 12, Mrs. George W. McKay—a daughter.

COTTON—At Toronto, on June 8, Mrs. Jas. H. Cotton—a son.

DANIEL—At Princeton, on June 12, Mrs. F. J. Daniel—a daughter.

MACDONALD—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald—a son.

STEELE—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. E. C. Steele—a daughter.

WARD—At Toronto Island, on June 15, Mrs. Ward—a son.

HODGETTS—At Toronto, on June 4, Mrs. Thomas Hodgetts—a son.

TOBIAS—At Hamilton, on June 14, Mrs. E. Tobias—a son.

KENT—At London, on May 30, Mrs. Malcolm J. Kent—a son.

READ—At Toronto, on June 1, Mrs. R. J. Read—a daughter.

STEVENS—At Toronto, on June 6, Mrs. F. W. Stevens—a son.

Marriages.

POOLE—MacEWAN—At Toronto, on June 19, James Poole to Emma MacEwan of Ottawa.

ELGIE—SIMMERS—At Deer Park, on June 10, Thomas Gossage Elgie to Augusta Marguerite Pauline Simmers.

FERGUSON—BELL—At Toronto, T. A. Ferguson, M.D., to Lizzie Bell.

GORDON—McDERMID—At Toronto, on June 10, William Gordon to Jennie Young McDermid.

HINZHY—BISHOP—At Toronto, on June 10, F. J. Hinzhy to Mary Carrie Chandler Bishop of Uxbridge.

MASON—COCKBURN—At Gravenhurst, on June 10, William E Mason of Toronto to Helen A. Cockburn o Gravenhurst.

MACLENNAN—YORK—At Cleveland, Ohio, on June 6, John Donald Maclennan of Montreal to Georgia Harkness York of Cleveland.

PHILLIPS—MAYBEE—At Ottawa, on June 9, William Q Phillips of Toronto to Emily Kate Maybee of Ottawa.

READ—MEEK—At Toronto, on June 10, Thomas Read to Sarah E Meek of Victoria Square.

GILLESPIE—GILMOUR—At Toronto, on June 9, Frederick Alexander Gillespie to Maud Gilmour.

MORSE—STAPLES—At Rondout-on-Hudson, N.Y., on June 8, J. Wilton Morse of Toronto to Alvaretta Staples.

DYKE—RAMSEY—At Toronto, on June 10, Samuel Dyke of Tonawanda to Bertha M. Ramsey.

FLINT—BARCHARD—At Toronto, on June 10, George C. Flint to Mary Jane Barchard.

TOY—BRIGHT—At Toronto, on June 10, S. M. Toy to Florrie Bright.

HAGER—AUSTIN—At Palermo, on June 10, Lawrence Hager to Mary Jane Austin of Palermo.

SPENCE—LESLIE—At Toronto, on June 10, J. W. Spence to Margery Leslie.

EXSHAW—FLEMING—At Ottawa, on June 9, William Exshaw to Lily Frances Fleming.

COLLINS—RUTCHINSON—At Port Dalhousie on June 9, Arthur Everett Collins, M.D., of Tonawanda, N. Y., to Cora Elizabeth Hutchinson.

CRAIG—ARGO—At Perth, on June 10, James J. Craig, B A., to Margaret Argo.

KELLY—VAN DEUSEN—At Ridgetown, on June 4, Charles R. Kelly of New Brunswick to Lottie Van Deusen.

TREMAYNE—WEBSTER—At Yarmouth, N.S., on June 10, Rev. H. O. Tremayne, M.A., to Helen A. Webster.

WILKINS—SHORT—At Toronto, on June 16, Walter A. Wilkins of Lambton to Ella Short.

BROCK—CAWTHRA—At Toronto, on June 16, Henry Brock to Anna Maude Cawthra.

BOOMER—PAWLINGS—At Toronto, Joseph B. Boomer to Fannie Pawling of Louth.

GREENE—CORDINGLY—At Toronto, on June 16, Arthur H. Greene to Hattie Schofield.

HENDERSON—YOUNG—At Toronto, on June 16, John B. Henderson to Christina Young.

ROWLISON—MITCHELL—At Toronto, on June 10, R. T. Rowlison of Kimmount to Leah Mitchell.

WHEADON—CORDINGLY—At Toronto Junction, on June 15, William E. Wheadon to Annie E. Cordingly.

Deaths.

HAINES—At Toronto, on June 10, Mrs. Elizabeth Haines.

SWARTHOUT—At West Troy, on June 10, Isaac Swarthout, J. P., aged 68 years.

BAXTER—At Niagara, on June 10, Mrs. Agnes Baxter, aged 53 years.

DROHAN—At Toronto, on June 10, Mrs. Ellen Drohan, aged 75 years.

TAYLOR—At Toronto, on June 11, Arthur Gerrard Taylor, aged 20 years.

THOMAS—At Oakville, on June 9, Mrs. Esther Thomas, aged 54 years.

McBURNEY—At Toronto, on June 11, Alexander McBurney, aged 59 years.

YOUNG—At Galt, on June 7, Mrs. Grace Ross.

FREEMAN—At Walkerton, on June 9, Mrs. Carlotta Freeman, aged 24 years.

McFADYEN—At Toronto, on June 13, Katie McFadyen, aged 15 years.

RUSSELL—At London, on June 12, Mrs. Rebecca Matilda Russell.

WARDLAW—At Weston, on June 13, Mrs. Emily Frances Wardlaw, aged 35 years.

GRIERSON—At Toronto, on June 13, Mrs Elizabeth Grierson, aged 52 years.

BOOMER—At Toronto, on June 8, Henry L. Boomer, aged 22 years.

DAVIDSON—At Toronto, Robert Davidson, aged 72 years.

HOGG—At Peterboro', on June 7, Catherine Eliza Hogg.

MORRISON—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. Janet Fraser Morrison.

YOUNG—At Toronto, on June 7, Alfred Barrington Young, aged 8 years.

TREMEAR—At Pickering, on June 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Tremear, aged 55 years.

STANLEY—At Toronto, on June 8, Francis Stanley, aged 64 years.

KIRBY—At Niagara, on June 5, Mrs. Eliza Magdalene Kirby.

BARTON—At Toronto, on June 6, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Barton.

SMITHE—At Birtle, Manitoba, on June 1, George Smithe, aged 6 months.

COMMAFORD—At Toronto, on June 9, Walter Commaford, aged 4 years.

ACHESON—At Toronto, Mrs. Ann Acheson, aged 70 years.

FOSTER—At Toronto, on June 15, James Reid Foster.

HARRIS—At Toronto, on June 16, Albert Frederick and May Queen Harris, aged 3 and 1 year respectively.

CAW—At Parkhill, on June 15, Elizabeth Bradshaw Caw.

HUNTER—At Toronto, on June 12, Mabel Renwick Hunter, aged 11 years.

ANDERSON—At Toronto, on June 6, Davie Anderson.

HERBERT—At Toronto, on June 12, Mrs. Mary Frances Herbert, aged 59 years.

RIGBY—At Wyoming, on June 15, Mrs. Sarah Rigby.

GEDDES—At West Toronto Junction, on June 13, Anne Geddes, aged 73 years.

Forewarned

Improper food is largely responsible for the increased infant mortality in hot weather. Nestle's Milk Food is universally recognized by medical authorities as the best summer diet. (Consult your family physician.) Do not continue giving your little one improper food until it is stricken with summer complaint; but begin at once the use of Nestle's Milk Food, and when the heated term comes your child will be strong for the battle with the heat. To any mother sending her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestle's Food.

Thos. Leeming & Co., Sole Ag'ts. Montreal.

Nestle's MILK FOOD

OAK HALL

OUR assortment of Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits at present is at its very best. The styles are the newest, and the manner in which they are made is such that the most critical cannot help but be pleased. In addition to our stock of Tweed and Cloth Suits we have just opened out a magnificent lot of Linen and Nankeen Fancy Suits made in blouse waists and sailor styles. Our prices will be found reasonable.

OAK HALL

115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East

Toronto

W. RUTHERFORD - Manager

DUFFERIN PARK, TORONTO

Special Programme for July & August Meetings

1, 2 and 3 July and 5, 6 and 7 August

ENTRANCE FEES 7½ PER CENT.

FIRST DAY—Three minute class, purse $300. Free for all, trot, purse $300. Free for all, pace, purse $300.

SECOND DAY—2 40 class, purse $300. 2.32 class, pace and trot, purse $300. 2.50 class, purse $300.

THIRD DAY—2 34 class, purse $300. 2.50 class, purse $300. 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse $300. 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse $300. Free for all, trot and pace, purse $300.

The above programme will be continued for July and August. Entries close June 15 for July meeting; July 15 for August meeting. Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to grounds 50c.; vehicles 10c.; children 25c.; ladies free. Entrance fees 7½ p. c., payable on dates when entries close for each meeting. Horses eligible May 23, 1891, for July and August. All moneys divided 50 p. c., 25 p. c., 15 p. c., 10 p. c. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive fir s money. Only the right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes. In other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied by the entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Brockton, College, Dovercourt and Bloor Street cars.

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If you have, bring him here and we will clothe him fashionably and neatly.

We guarantee you fit, quality and value for your money.

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GAS, ELECTRIC & COMBINATION FIXTURES

BENNETT & WRIGHT

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Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

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Telephone 2075.

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet cleaning, fitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capacity 3,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for storing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them with us until their return. Send for price list. We have in stock Mealey's Moth-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior Stair Pads.

Orders taken at 770 King Street West, 355½ Yonge Street, 373 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1,412 Queen Street West, Parkdale.

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Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.

Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000

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G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada.

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhea
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Disease
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.

71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Mention this paper.

LACES, LACES

Owing to the late arrival of a rather large shipment of laces and to insure a speedy sale of same together with our elegant and large stock, we have gone through our stock and made a general price reduction on every line from 15 to 40 per cent.

We are thus in a position to offer REALLY UNEQUALLED VALUE in

Chantilly, Maltese, Spanish, Crepe and Lisse Lace.

Also in Lace Flouncings and Skirtings.

We mention especially a

Princess Lace, 63 Inches Wide

the proper things for those elegant and fashionable long Lace Mantles at $2 per yard, which no other house in this city can match at $3. This article is also the cheapest Dress Lace, as one width is sufficient for skirt and waist.

We are advised of and shall receive next week a shipment of

Chiffonne Lace in the most beautiful range of shades, THE CORRECT THING FOR DRESS FRONTS AND COLLARS, and also most suitable for Frillings

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